

# COUNTRY LIFE

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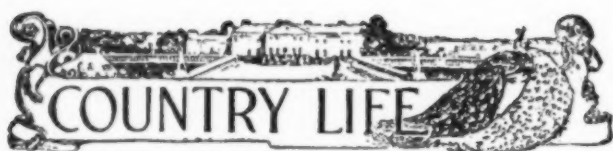
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THE Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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## LAND REFORM BY AGREEMENT.

AN extremely able criticism of the Land Enquiry Report has been issued by the Land Conference. It derives its importance mainly from the fact that those composing the Conference are for the most part drawn from associations of a statistical character. The members are little moved by political passions. They are in large measure surveyors by profession, and take a pride in surveying a question without prejudice and without favour. In this way they might become an extremely valuable buffer between the two political parties. On essentials there is far more agreement than would be believed by those who only attend to the smoke and din of political battle. For example, take the question of the wages of labourers. Mr. Walter Long, as representing the Conservative Party, does not dispute the facts as expounded by Mr. Lloyd-George, namely, that in the Southern Counties the agricultural labourer is inadequately paid. The Land Conference endorses the same view. It comes, then, to be a question as to the method by which these wages could be raised, and here the Land Conference, with the practical instinct of the surveyors, say that the minimum wage is unworkable. The reason they give is that no Government could enforce a wage of fifty-two pounds a year without becoming responsible for its payment. They must fix the

minimum wage to suit the period for which it is customary to engage the labourer, that is to say, for the hour, day or the week. In very many districts the engagement is only from day to day. Therefore, if a farmer was obliged to pay three shillings and fourpence per day, he would naturally curtail the number of days as much as was possible, and no one could compel him to pay for the time in which no work was done. But in contradistinction to the frequently expressed views of both political parties, those who thoroughly know the condition of the agricultural labourer hold that his greatest grievance is not so much the low wages as the casual character of his employment. There is, indeed, nothing more disheartening and nothing more demoralising than for the labourer to be turned away because the morning is wet and threatening. And if work is not possible on the farm neither is it on his own little plot. But the truth is that his services are most wanted by his employer when they are most needed on the piece of ground that he cultivates for himself. His idle hours are, therefore, thoroughly idle. He has not felt the grievance this year nearly so much as last year and the year before, because the long open dry autumn enabled the thrifty farmer to push on with his work and consequently to give pretty full employment. Only now is the labourer beginning to feel the pinch. In the hard frosts of January there was a good deal to do at first in the way of carting manure out to the fields; but this on well conducted farms is practically finished, and the labourer, when the ground is hard, is liable to be thrown out of work. Here is a problem which the politicians on both sides are afraid of. Yet in practical agriculture a fixed weekly wage works perfectly well when the employer is keen and enterprising. Indeed, it works perfectly well over whole districts in the Northern part of the kingdom, where it has been the custom for several generations. Even in the South there is a minimum of unemployment on the lands that are most successfully tilled. The farmer in such cases is usually interested in many things, and has plenty of work in his barn that men can do in a pouring rain, such as the cleaning of seed, the cleaning and grading of potatoes and other agricultural stuff.

But to return to our original point, the mere passing of a minimum wage would do little good if it were applicable only to a short period of work. The surveyors state the difficulty without suggesting the way out of it; but the wise advice to give the labourer, in our opinion, would be that he should combine for the purpose of obtaining regular work. The Land Conference, acting the part of "the honest broker," would be doing good service if they could breach over this difficulty in a way equally satisfactory to those who are working disinterestedly either in the Liberal or in the Conservative ranks.

When we pass from the grievances of the labourer to those of the farmer, what seems to be wanted is a series of conversations between the latter and those who are anxious to help him. It is not our experience, and we venture to say it is not the experience of anyone in practical touch with affairs, that tenants are anxious to obtain security of tenure, if that phrase is meant to cover long leases. During the depression that began in 1879 they were punished severely by their long leases, ruined by them, in fact, and since then the majority of them seem to have returned to the old rural belief that the shortest lease is also the longest, which means that if land is taken on a twelve months' notice there is usually a clearing up between landlord and tenant at the end of that period and a fresh, clean beginning; whereas during a long lease grievances on both sides tend to fester and become malignant. But the main point is to get a thoroughly authoritative and decided opinion from the farmers themselves. There would be no difficulty about the machinery if the need for it were clearly defined. Similarly, the questions that affect landlords could be dealt with on the same principle. We are very much afraid, however, that few understand the real bed-rock truth in regard to such subjects as rent and gain, topics too important and elaborate for us to enter upon to-day.

## OUR PORTRAIT ILLUSTRATION

OUR portrait illustration is of Miss Eva Mond, the eldest daughter of Sir Alfred Mond, Bart., and Lady Mond.

\* \* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

## COUNTRY NOTES



BY the death of Lord Strathcona the world has lost one of its most remarkable men and Canada her greatest and most fitting representative. He was by his own account in his ninety-fourth year; but there is reason for believing that this by two years was an understatement of his age. Death seemed to menace in vain his splendid and vigorous constitution. Two or three years ago he was in the grip of an illness from which it was thought a man of his age could never escape. But he confuted experience by rallying and returning to work with redoubled energy, the victory of Mr. Borden and his party at the polls stimulating and encouraging him as it might have done one with youth's freshness still on his brow. And he had the good fortune to escape many of the afflictions that render old age so pitiful. His intellect and working faculty were clear and good to the last. As late as the Saturday before his death he dictated a lengthy and important despatch lucidly and logically. His gospel had been that of work; his motto, he "rusts who rests." On the labour of his life all his energies were concentrated. The distractions, the week-end holidays, the outdoor pastimes that others regard as necessary relaxations, made no appeal to his strenuous spirit. Work occupied him, solaced him, recreated him.

Lord Strathcona's life is an epitome of the greatest chapter in Canadian history. He began with no advantage save the important one of being born in Scotland in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, before the ruin of that fine old system of education which gave opportunity to the poorest. His father was a little struggling shopkeeper in the town of Forres, but the boy took advantage of his educational chances and there was an idea of sending him out to the East India Company. Luckily, his mother had a brother who was a fur trader in Canada. With him young Donald Smith joined fortunes and started on an adventure like many another "long-legged Scotch callant," to use a phrase applied by Scott to his own Quentin Durward. Entering the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, he was first stationed at Hamilton, a lonely spot on the West Coast of Labrador. His apprenticeship to business was spent in dealing with trappers and Indians for their furs. How he rose in the service of the Company by indefatigable application is common knowledge; how hard and difficult were the conditions in the Canada of that day he explained in a notable article which he contributed to the Dominion Supplement of COUNTRY LIFE. His public career may be said to have begun in earnest on his appointment in 1871 as Chief Commissioner in the West under the reorganised Hudson's Bay Company.

Lord Strathcona's early career was an ideal training for one who was ultimately to become Chief Commissioner for Canada. As he emerged from the rawness of youth and its crude possibilities grew into achievements, so the great white Dominion changed from an ill-settled waste, little more than a field of operations for the hunter and trapper, to a land of fertile fields and growing cities. His hand had been felt in all the factors that made it great. The most important of its enterprises, that on which the prosperity of the Dominion was founded, the Canadian Pacific Railway, owed its establishment to his courage and dogged pertinacious energy, helped by the yeoman service of his cousin, afterwards Lord Mount Stephen. In this country, then, he represented Canada on every side. When he spoke to would-be settlers, it was as one who had been

the most successful of settlers himself. Among financiers he was a great financier. Politicians regarded him as one of themselves, only of a stronger texture, a giant too large to play with the unimportant issues and controversies that occupy the attention of lesser men. And though a child by adoption only, he was the most generous and devoted of Canada's sons. That he had the defects of his qualities may be true, but these will fade as his figure recedes into the past. To recognise the size of a mountain you must be some distance from it, as Mr. Chamberlain said of his greatest leader.

Very seldom have we read a finer speech than that which was delivered by the Duke of Atholl in reply to the congratulatory addresses made to him on the occasion of the jubilee year of his accession to the title and estates. Naturally, the event brought out all the cordiality and kindness which the typical Scot usually conceals under a rather dour and forbidding exterior. The Duke, however, knows his people and they know him. Looking back through his experience of three-quarters of a century, the old man saw many changes which he flashed before his hearers like pictures in a kaleidoscope. But the most important part of his speech was that devoted to rural depopulation. The Duke of Atholl has never taken any prominent part in politics, and spoke more as a patriarch than as a partisan. "I have done my best, but it seems impossible to keep the people in the country." He went on to remark that "the quiet of the glen no longer satisfies them, the glamour of the town is upon them, the wiles of the emigration agent cannot be avoided, and country life seems, to use a word I hate, to be not sufficiently 'genteel,' though, God knows, it is better than what many of them go to." The concluding piece of advice carried with it all the ripe wisdom of old age, "Leave well alone, and confine your efforts to where all is not well."

### THE GOLDEN GALLEON.

"What wait you for on the wind-swept shore,  
A phantom ship that will come no more?  
'Tis sore work watching," the Princess said,  
"Old man, for the ghosts of the drowned and dead."  
"Nay," said the Sea-man, "but over the sea  
The Golden Galleon shall come to me,  
Out of the harbours of Arcady,  
Laden with dreams of all things that be;  
With her proud sails spread, and the happy dead  
Steering her straight down the sunset's track,  
When the years have sped," the Sea-man said,  
"The ship that foundered shall yet come back."

ANGELA GORDON.

Mr. A. J. Balfour has continued to attract public attention to his Gifford lectures; but probably the summarised reports in the newspapers give only an inadequate idea of his argument. From them it looks as though there were several important gaps in his theorem. For example, his apparent assumption that aesthetic pleasure is a monopoly of the human race will not bear investigation. It is not possible for us to enter into the minds of birds and beasts and say exactly what emotions and impressions flit over them; but some rudimentary sense of beauty in colour and design must surely be theirs. Otherwise, in the spring the wanton lapwing would not need to don another crest and the dove would not show a more burnished iris. These are but a few of the ornaments which appear on the males at the time they wish to court and, therefore, please the females. Their struttings to and fro like those of the common chanticleer, their bowings and dancings such as those of various species of crane, their making of bowers, and so forth, surely argue a perception of beauty on the part of the lower animals. If that were not granted, the far greater and more arrogant assumption would have to be made that all the delicate tints, the lights and shades, the exquisite forms produced by Nature were created to be the monopoly of mankind; "poor plumeless ephemerals," as the wittiest of Greek comedians named them.

As we hinted two weeks ago in a note which concluded with Mark Antony's phrase, "Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done," Mr. Jesse Collings has announced his intention to withdraw from the House of Commons. He is eighty-two years of age and, in the words of his letter to the Liberal-Unionist Association referring to the retirement of Mr. Chamberlain, "it seems fitting, even as a matter of sentiment only, that we should put off our harness together and at the same time." During the course of his political



life Mr. Collings has been to Mr. Chamberlain the most faithful ally and friend that a leader could possess, and there is a seamliness which all will recognise in the lieutenant laying down his arms at the same time when his leader recognises that his day for active work has drawn to a close. Let us hope that both will have many years of the same leisure which they have so thoroughly earned.

This week we are obliged to make a new department by devoting a section of the paper to "Answers to Correspondents." This was necessitated by the continual growth of our Correspondence columns. No doubt this increase is a gratifying proof of the extending interest which is taken in COUNTRY LIFE, but it must be disappointing to our readers, and it is unpleasant for us, to be obliged to hold over interesting letters and queries from week to week for lack of space to print them. The old difficulty of getting a quart into a pint pot has to be faced every Press day. It must not be thought for a moment, however, that the questions dealt with in our "Answers to Correspondents" are a whit less important than those which actually appear as letters. On the contrary, the queries are of a kind to interest all sorts and degrees of readers.

An example ready to hand is the enquiry of a lady correspondent as to the possibility of procuring a hive of bees immune from the dreadful malady which has received the popular name of the Isle of Wight Disease. We were enabled to obtain an answer to this from the highest living authority, the expert at Cambridge University, and it happens that we can confirm what he says from practical experience. He knows of no kind of bee that is immune from the disease, but points out the very important fact that after an apiary has been ravaged a single hive in many cases has been known to escape the disease. If a survival of this kind were procured, it is just possible that a colony might be formed which did not take the disease. A case which came under our notice was that of a well known bee-keeper who lost the whole of his hives in the course of three years. No one could possibly have given them more attention; but the disease swept them off one by one. It happened, however, that by chance a small swarm (he estimated that there were not altogether a pint of bees) settled in his garden. He hived it, and it has flourished exceedingly. In three days a young brood were in the cells, and the business of making honey commenced at once. Evidently the swarm had a young and fertile queen.

Flower-girls are suffering very severely from the eccentricities of the season. On the Continent it is said that the winter is the hardest since 1870, and one effect of the frost has been to cut off the supply of flowers. This was rendered all the more inevitable because the exceeding mildness of the weather before Christmas had favoured premature budding and blooming. The rose trees and flower-stems, instead of being dry and hard, as is usually the case in mid-winter, were full of sap. This was so in Great Britain even well into January. A correspondent sends us this week a photograph of a nosegay of roses which he gathered in his garden on January 10th, under ten degrees of frost. On the Continent these conditions were emphasised, and the result, as we have said, is a famine in cut-flowers. They can scarcely be had for indoor decoration, and even those who do not scruple to pay highly may well be discouraged when they are asked some five times the usual price. It is very unlucky for the flower-girls both in London and the provincial towns. Their occupation for the time being has gone, and experts say that it will be several weeks, even under favourable conditions, before the supply can attain to its normal dimensions.

Those who agitated and worked for the Monuments Act of 1913, will rejoice in the practical application of it that has been made to the interesting house in Dean Street which was threatened with spoliation. The intervention of the Office of Works renders the house secure for a period sufficiently lengthy to enable those interested to take such measures as may be desirable for its acquisition. This is all that has been done. Several newspaper correspondents, we have noticed, write as though Lord Beauchamp's action solved the question finally; but this is not so. It needs, and will doubtless secure, confirmation by an Act of Parliament as provided by Part III. of the Ancient Monuments Act. The owner may petition against such confirmation, but would have to satisfy a Select Committee that 75, Dean Street is not a "monument." In the interval, however, it may well be hoped

that a project will be drawn up for putting so interesting a building to a use that will enable its character to be preserved and its features to be studied at any time by the general public. A suggestion has been made that the appropriate tenants would be some society of artists; but Mr. Edward Warren, who is responsible for the idea, writes under a misapprehension when he refers to "its bestowal" in "its newly invested character as a national monument," on a society of artists. Before being bestowed it has to be acquired.

This week the International Conference on Safety of Life at Sea, which was convened by His Majesty's Government last autumn at the original suggestion of the German Emperor, completed its labours. The work was divided between five sub-committees, and the various recommendations incorporated into a draft convention of some seventy-four articles, which, together with the annexed *reglement*, fill some sixty printed pages. The recommendations which the Convention will enforce, are both comprehensive and practical, the chief being that all ships shall possess adequate lifeboat accommodation for every person on board, that a continuous wireless watch should be maintained on passenger liners and other large, fast ships, and that all passenger vessels and some others shall be obliged to have wireless apparatus fitted. One of the most valuable features in the Conference has been the way in which the delegates have shown that it is possible for men of many nations to work together disinterestedly for the common good.

TO—

Not by your track on the wet grass  
Nor yet because the birches bent  
Stooping low to watch you pass,  
Did I know the way you went—  
But Silence like stilled music lay  
About the paths you'd wandered through;  
You and Romance had walked to-day,  
Under the secret trees: I knew  
Then had turned suddenly away  
Down another path and left no clue.

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

Major Stoddard, who was one of the team of polo players which beat us in America last year, has been obliged to announce his intention of not playing in the International match next June. Those who take an interest in polo in Great Britain may be surprised at the consternation which Major Stoddard's withdrawal has caused over there. It is true that his is not the only loss that their famous team has suffered. The last year's captain, Mr. H. P. Whitney, is also unable to do service for them again. But in this country we should hardly deem any men so indispensable to our side as they appear to regard these members of their old team. The truth is that although America, as we know to our cost, has such very fine polo players, she has not a very large selection, so that a gap in the ranks is more difficult to fill over there than we might find it.

The most amusing feature of the public discussion which was held in the Little Theatre the other night on the question "Do Miracles Happen?" was the loquacity of the speakers. Mr. G. K. Chesterton, like some knight in the tournaments of old, was advertised to meet all comers, that is to say, all who disputed the authenticity of miracles; but he held forth on the topic at so much length and Mr. Joseph McCabe being equally voluble on the other side, to say nothing of the officials, reporters and representatives, the chairman had virtually to withdraw his invitation to strangers and let Mr. Cecil Chesterton and the opener bring the discussion to a close. It sounds all very absurd and ridiculous to the looker-on; but if these argumentative tourneys are to be held, it would surely be a good thing to put the speakers under a time limit. As the majority belong to the literary persuasion, the by-products of the process would no doubt be wholesome and welcome; if they learned compression in speech, they could not help being pregnant in writing.

The chatty Mr. Pepys, though his diaries are much occupied with great affairs of State, yet deigns for our delight to descend to the scandals and gossip of the Court, nor neglects to tell us of any unusual occurrence that comes to his notice. He refers frequently to the state of the weather. The winter



of 1661-2 was a severe one; but that is not so remarkable, in view of our modern idea about the winters of that period, as its contrast with those that had immediately preceded it. We have him writing, on November 28th, "A very hard frost, which is news to us after having none almost these three years." Three days later he records: "To my Lord Sandwich's to Mr. Moore; and then over the Park (where I first in my life, it being a great frost, did see people sliding with their skatees, which is a very pretty art) to Mr. Coventry's chamber to St. James's, where we all met to a

venison party, Major Norwood being with us, whom they did play upon for his surrendering of Dunkirke." Apparently the frost held till the middle of the month and then broke. for Pepys writes on the 15th: "To the Duke" (that would be the Duke of York) "and followed him into the Parke, where, though the ice was broken and dangerous, yet he would go slide upon his skatees, which I did not like, but he slides very well." Evidently the skating was so novel to the diarist that his mind was not yet very settled as to the best orthography of the word.

## AN ANCIENT MONUMENT.

**A**FTER many excursions and alarms and the threat that the old house where Sir James Thornhill lived and Hogarth probably worked would be destroyed unless £15,000 were forthcoming by last Monday, the First Commissioner of Works has made a dramatic entry on the stage. No. 75, Dean Street, a fine example of early eighteenth century domestic architecture, is now made sacrosanct for eighteen months by a Preservation Order, the first fruits of the new Ancient Monuments Act. Our first duty, and a very pleasant one it is, must be to congratulate not only Earl Beauchamp, but also Mr. Lionel Earle, the Secretary of H.M. Office of Works, and Mr. C. R. Peers, the Chief Inspector of Ancient Monuments, on making such timely use of their new powers. The photographs we now reproduce show how typical are the architectural features of the house and how admirable the wall paintings which have been respited. The word respited is used advisedly, for saved would be too strong. The general comments of the daily papers, saving the *Times*, which has done yeoman service in drawing attention to the house and its peril, show a strange ignorance of the new machinery which has thus happily been set going. This will not be shared by the readers of *COUNTRY LIFE*, for we fully discussed the provisions of the Act in our issue of September 27th, 1913. One comment in a journal usually very well informed shows the prevailing confusion of thought—"the Office of Works may find difficulty in deciding on the future of the house." That office is not concerned with the future except to see that the house is not destroyed, altered or defaced in any way. It has not bought it, and will not buy it or hinder its beneficial use by the owner. Nor does the Preservation Order run for more than eighteen months, unless confirmed by Parliament, which must be satisfied as to its reasonableness. It is also to be borne in mind that the Order could not have been issued if 75, Dean Street had been an inhabited house in the

ordinary use of the words. Dwelling-houses may only be protected thus when they are empty or occupied solely by caretakers. As to the rightness of Earl Beauchamp's action, there can be no question. Sir James Thornhill may not have been a very inspired artist, but he was the most able English exponent of the grand manner in decorative painting, which he learnt from Le Brun. He was not merely a copyist, but brought to his work an individuality which distinguishes it from the art of Verrio, Laguerre and other foreigners who worked in the same manner in England. Nor must it be forgotten that he was Historical Painter to the Crown and associated



75, DEAN STREET; THE FOOT OF THE STAIR.

most closely with Sir Christopher Wren—for whom he did decorations at Hampton Court and Greenwich—and with Vanbrugh at Blenheim. At Moor Park, Herts, which Leoni designed, Thornhill acted as a supervising *arbiter elegantiarum*, and himself painted the saloon and hall, which were illustrated

in COUNTRY LIFE of January 13th, 1912. Hogarth made a runaway match with his daughter, which led to strained relations, but they made friends, and it is said that some of the figures in the decorations at 75, Dean Street are by the brush of that infinitely greater man. What more reasonable than that Hogarth should have given a hand in beautifying the home of his father-in-law? He was not

ignorant of that decorative technique, as we can see at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where he not only painted the walls of the great staircase, but did the work as a gift to the Charity. Even if, however, all these vivid personal

associations with two great eighteenth century figures were set aside as merely sentimental, it remains that the house has an intrinsic artistic and archaeological value as a typical building of the great age of Wren. The physical traces of the eighteenth century are disappearing so rapidly

that everyone with an historical sense must rejoice at this intervention of the Government. We may hope that their action will be greeted by so unanimous a chorus of approval that they will be encouraged to wield their new weapon with swiftness and freedom. It will have the incidental advantage of checking the deplorable traffic in old buildings and their parts which would have made Tattershall



PERSPECTIVE PAINTING ON STAIRCASE WALL.

a mere shell but for the public spirit of Earl Curzon of Kedleston, and is hounding to destruction many an old building for the sake of its staircase or ceilings or fireplaces.

## LITERATURE.

### A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

MR. JOSEPH CONRAD published "Almayer's Folly" in 1895, and two years later "The Nigger of the Narcissus." Since then he has produced, at irregular intervals, a considerable number of novels. These works have been praised, and justly praised, by the most competent critics, and yet Mr. Conrad has not succeeded in becoming a popular author. It may be very well worth while to enquire in the most sympathetic spirit why this is so. Are the public to be blamed for obtuseness? Or, among the many brilliant gifts of the novelist, does there lurk some fatal flaw which prevents him from obtaining the supreme success he would otherwise deserve? The publication of his latest novel, *Chance* (Methuen), offers an excellent opportunity for making this enquiry. Except that the sea interest in it is merely incidental, it is typical of the best work that Mr. Conrad has produced. The characters are well defined and simple. Was it not Sir Walter Scott who declared that the secret of making a good novel was to show how ordinary commonplace humanity would behave in unexpected and exceptional situations? Mr. Conrad in this book has only one character who is out of the way. This is de Barral, a product of our time indeed, but one whom we find it difficult to understand. He has become a sort of Napoleon of finance by adroit advertisement and a clever use of the word "thrift." A gullible public has poured money into his bank on no other assurance than is conveyed by the aforesaid advertisement and the repetition of a catch-word that suited the popular mind at the moment. But as a financier de Barral behaves like an idiot. He is too feeble-minded to know his own limitations, and complacently accepts the title of "The Great de Barral" bestowed upon him by the crowd. Yet Mr. Conrad is most careful to show that at any rate he is no deliberate fraud, only a muddler who thinks all is going well as long as he can pay a ten per cent. interest to the first

customers of the bank out of the money contributed by those who come in later. When the crash arrives and he is arrested and tried for embezzlement, apparently he regards himself as a martyr and a victim.

"Ah! If only you had left me alone for a couple of years more," he cried once in accents of passionate belief. "The money was coming in all right." The deposits you understand—the savings of Thrift. Oh yes, they had been coming in to the very last moment. And he regretted them. He had arrived to regard them as his own by a sort of mystical persuasion. And yet it was a perfectly true cry, when he turned once more on the counsel who was beginning a question with the words: "You have had all these immense sums . . ." with the indignant retort: "What have I had out of them?"

Mr. de Barral undergoes seven years' imprisonment, and at the end comes out with a top hat of the kind that was fashionable when he was incarcerated. Punishment has only deepened his sense of injustice without in any degree taking away his confidence in his ability. Suffering has not led him in the slightest degree to understand the love and self-sacrifice of the daughter who is the heroine of the story. Instead of showing any gratitude, he simply overwhelms her with a string of reproaches not the less cutting because they are dribbled forth in a soft, unemotional voice. To all intents and purposes, then, this de Barral is a fixed quantity, and perhaps this is one of the points at which the common sense of a reading public will revolt. Our own feeling in reading the book was that the financier, although a wonderfully clever creation, was not taken from life, but in a peculiar sense "came out of the carver's brain." Experience, suffering, failure, deepen, enfeeble, strengthen, degrade, purify, always produce an effect of some kind. Nothing stands still, and a man becomes either better or worse on account of his history. It is as though Mr. Conrad, having conceived this character, chiselled him out in his mind and let him remain so throughout time and eternity. The impression is deepened because the story is related in a monologue by "Marlow,"



who is only at distant intervals interrupted by the other narrator, referred to as "I." It seems to fit in with the novelist's ingenuity that, instead of adopting a plain, simple style of narration, he should relate it as seen through the imagination of one of his puppets. But it is the very same with the daughter of de Barral. As if to enforce the harsh doctrine which says that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, this girl is put through a history which is too harrowing, too unrelieved. Her loyalty to the discredited financier is incredible. She is an incarnation of the virtue of constancy, and nothing can persuade her that her father is anything but the hero of her youthful fancy. Her faith is unshaken through a youth of what seems to have been unrelieved misery. When she makes up her mind to fling herself into the quarry, no tie exists with any other human being except the convict in prison. The very natural love which she might otherwise have felt for the man whom she married is subordinated to this passion for the old man whom she takes out of prison and places on board her husband's ship. Here again Mr. Conrad seems to have begun by chiselling out a female figure and his genius is apparent enough in the beauty of the sculpture; but he allowed nothing for the effect of time. The girl's affection for her father and belief in his virtues remain as fresh and vivid at the end as they were at the beginning. Her intelligence seems to have been blinded as far as he was concerned. Consequently, she exhibits none of the growth and change which the passing years usually bring. Here again comes in the necessity of telling this story in monologue. If Mr. Conrad had got out of himself and let character re-act on character and life on life, he would have found it impossible to keep the lines of his people always the same. The supreme triumph of the novelist is achieved only when the men and women whom he has brought into being take the story out of his hands, sweep away the preconceptions which he has formed, and change and develop as they would do in life. When this does not happen, the utmost cleverness fails to produce that conviction without which the reader may indeed admire but cannot be pulled along, so that he finds it impossible to lay down the book till he has come to the end of the story.

## NOVELS.

**When William Came**, by H. H. Munro. (The Bodley Head.)

THOSE who care for Mr. Munro's brilliant little stories will be somewhat disconcerted by this book, for the author is in a serious vein, and the only character in any way akin to those he usually delights us with is that of Joan Mardle. *When William Came* is one of the few novels of the season which are really worth reading, and Mr. Munro has worked out his theme of England after the German Conquest with great insight and skill. The realisation of how helpless the Empire would be if defeated in a naval war needs less imagination than Mr. Munro has brought to bear; for the encircling sea on which we have built up our power would become but the wall of our prison house, once ruled by a stronger Navy than our own. Mr. Munro has imagined the United Kingdom annexed by a victorious Germany and the inhabitants reduced to an industrial slavery, while the Empire is left nearly intact but hopelessly disintegrated. This we think is a somewhat impossible picture; for Great Britain has a population which is about two-thirds that of Germany, and there is no strong German element in this country, or historical connection as there was in Alsace-Lorraine, while even Alsace seems after forty years, a complete generation, to be a dangerous weakness to the German Empire. To attempt to subjugate a virile nation, unless that nation be very small, has proved impossible in history, and the German dominion would inevitably fail, as the English dominion in France failed. But in the meantime the English Empire would have disappeared. The moral of the book lies in this: that no party that happens to be in power for the moment must be allowed to impair our national defences or jeopardise our safety by false economy or neglect. To talk vote-catching verbiage about the millennium when Europe is an armed camp, and in the face of the Balkan *dénouement*, is as dishonest as it is stupid. The writer of this review was talking one day in Italy with a German naval lieutenant who did not know that he was speaking to an Englishman, and asked the officer why Germany was in incessant naval competition against England. "Oh," said the lieutenant, "presently they'll get slack; then we shall build faster than they do; then we shall beat them." This man is no isolated example; the same spirit pervades much of Germany, though Englishmen, of course, rarely hear it so frankly expressed. Our sole guarantee of peace to-day is to be so thoroughly prepared that to make war on us would be a hopeless adventure. And it is against the spirit of slackness which will undermine our power, if it is allowed to grow, that Mr. Munro has written this book.

**Old Mole**, by Gilbert Cannan. (Martin Secker.)

IN *Old Mole* Mr. Gilbert Cannan gives us an intimate and clever analysis of the pedagogic mind under circumstances peculiarly antipathetic to its normal routine. *Old Mole* is a master at Thrigsby Grammar School, and has given twenty-five of the best years of his life to its service, when, travelling down to lunch with the parents of a scholar who has done him signal credit, he—through a pardonable weakness on the one side and a foolish error on the other—finds himself accused of the incredible and grotesque villainy of molesting a young woman who has shared his railway carriage. Pending developments,

which threaten to end in social ostracism, the innocent culprit discovers himself to be considered guilty until he can prove himself otherwise; and in the abnormal condition of anger, humiliation and bewilderment which follows realisation of the attitude of his world towards him, diverges violently from his customary mental, spiritual and philosophic state. Adrift from his moorings, with, perhaps, too swift and thorough a reaction, he adventures out on unknown waters, to be safely piloted by Mr. Gilbert Cannan to a haven that disappoints not a little our expectations for our hero. But in the processes of this safe piloting we are exceedingly interested; for the author is not out to give us or *Old Mole* a comfortable and easy time. The thought that has gone to the novel's making, while obvious, is not wearisome; Beenham is a man before he is a pedagogue, and this the author has kept well in mind. Possibly he has been too consciously aware of the physical tie that binds the husband and wife; so that, though we hear Matilda, the ex-servant girl, was to be educated by Beenham with a view to her becoming an intellectual companion, he appears always to be regarding her rather in the light of the middle-aged possessor who, animated by jealous passion, loses the ideal relationship in his insistence upon the claims of a lesser demand. For the rest, Mr. Cannan has used his hero as the vehicle of some original and clever philosophising which, though not always in character, makes such a decided impression upon the serious reader that he must easily find in its effectiveness the author's best justification.

**Pantomime**, by G. B. Stern. (Hutchinson.)

THERE is some good stuff in *Pantomime*, in spite of the fact that the novel, as a whole, suffers from the incoherent fashion in which it is written. The suggestion of pantomime invading the life of the two principal characters is, possibly, rather unduly dwelt upon; the Thirteenth Fairy, the Call-Boy and the Assistant Stage-Manager might with advantage have been given less prominence. Yet the "Boy," Tony, and the "Girl," Nan, are cleverly enough sketched in for us; and we see that it was impossible for Nan, when all was said and done, to take the false step to which Tony's love urged her. Chaotic as is the intrusion of the unreal upon the real in the author's planning of her tale, and tiresome as is the imaginary and real correspondence between the lovers, there is an underlying cleverness in it all. The persuasion of this remains when the book is laid down, together with a definite wish to read the next novel by a writer who courageously, if mistakenly, has allowed her imagination to run away with her judgment.

**Modern Lovers**, by Viola Meynell. (Martin Secker.)

"MODERN LOVERS" is a novel of purely psychological interest. Its characterisation is not of the kind that pleases the reader who is on the lookout for a story that will leave behind it a pleasant sensation of satisfaction with himself and the world. Frankly, Effie and Millicent Rutherglen are of that disagreeable type of heroine whom no self-respecting reader can like, try as he or she may. And yet, all the same, the pair are so real and so human that when one has laid their story down one knows them quite well. This should be matter for gratification to their creator, who never intended to deceive us into thinking they were "nice" girls. Then, there is Mrs. Rutherglen, the mother; she, too, refuses to pose as the ideal mother of make-believe. She is just as untruthful as Effie, and, like Effie, shows no improvement from first page to last. In fact, it is a thoroughly cynical novel. It is, purposely, a trifle amateurish as well, in keeping with the two young girls whose slight tale it unfolds with a prodigal wealth of searching analysis that considerably intrigues the imagination. On the whole Miss Meynell is to be congratulated upon a novel which possesses in psychological interest what it lacks in construction and plot.

**Marama**, by Ralph Stock. (Hutchinson.)

IN *Marama* Mr. Ralph Stock has given us another of his excellent South Sea romances. The book is crammed with incident from cover to cover and the breathless excitement is sustained, while it is delightful to escape from fog-bound London to the atmosphere of sun-kissed Fiji, even though it be only in the pages of a tale. *Marama*, the heroine, is a lovable creature, and dances her Fijian dances with the grace and abandon of the native, though in the end it is the blood of her English father that dominates her life. Her antithesis is her sister Moala. Everything ends happily, as it should in a romance, though not until both *Marama* and Milton Craig have suffered many vicissitudes at the hands of fortune.

**Lady Sylvia's Impostor**, by Thomas Cobb. (Mills and Boon.)

THERE can be no doubt about it, love at first sight is not the mythical affair some misogynists would have us believe it to be. Novelists upon occasion have pinned their faith to its probability, and have not done amiss. Mr. Thomas Cobb's hero, Jerry Firbank, of Firbank's Famous Footwear, is a case in point. He falls in love with Lady Sylvia Brasted at a moment's notice; and, better still, is aware of his condition in a trice. Being a young man of enterprising disposition, he immediately sets about to win the lady, and it is the devious manner of his campaign that claims the real interest of the tale. Mr. Cobb is a writer with a pleasant style; his slight story runs along with a light inconsequence that makes no excuses for the mild entertainment it offers; and there is just the least touch of cynicism in the presentation of two of the characters, those of Basil and Mrs. Robertson, to lighten the superficiality of the book as a whole.

**Loot**, by Horace Annesley Vachell. (John Murray.)

IF *Loot* is hardly Mr. Vachell at his best some of these short stories have, at any rate, the virtue of originality, and there is a neat humour in others, such as "The Black Pearls of Balcarno," that is agreeable. The names of these stories should help considerably in providing a key to their character. "The Dasher" is the story of an impecunious lover who sought fortune at the tables; "The Kangaroo" is Ezekiel Snookson, an outsider who has his day. On the whole "Trodd's Corner" is the one tale that attempts a rise above the average level of ephemeral popularity.



## THE JOY OF WINTER SPORTS.

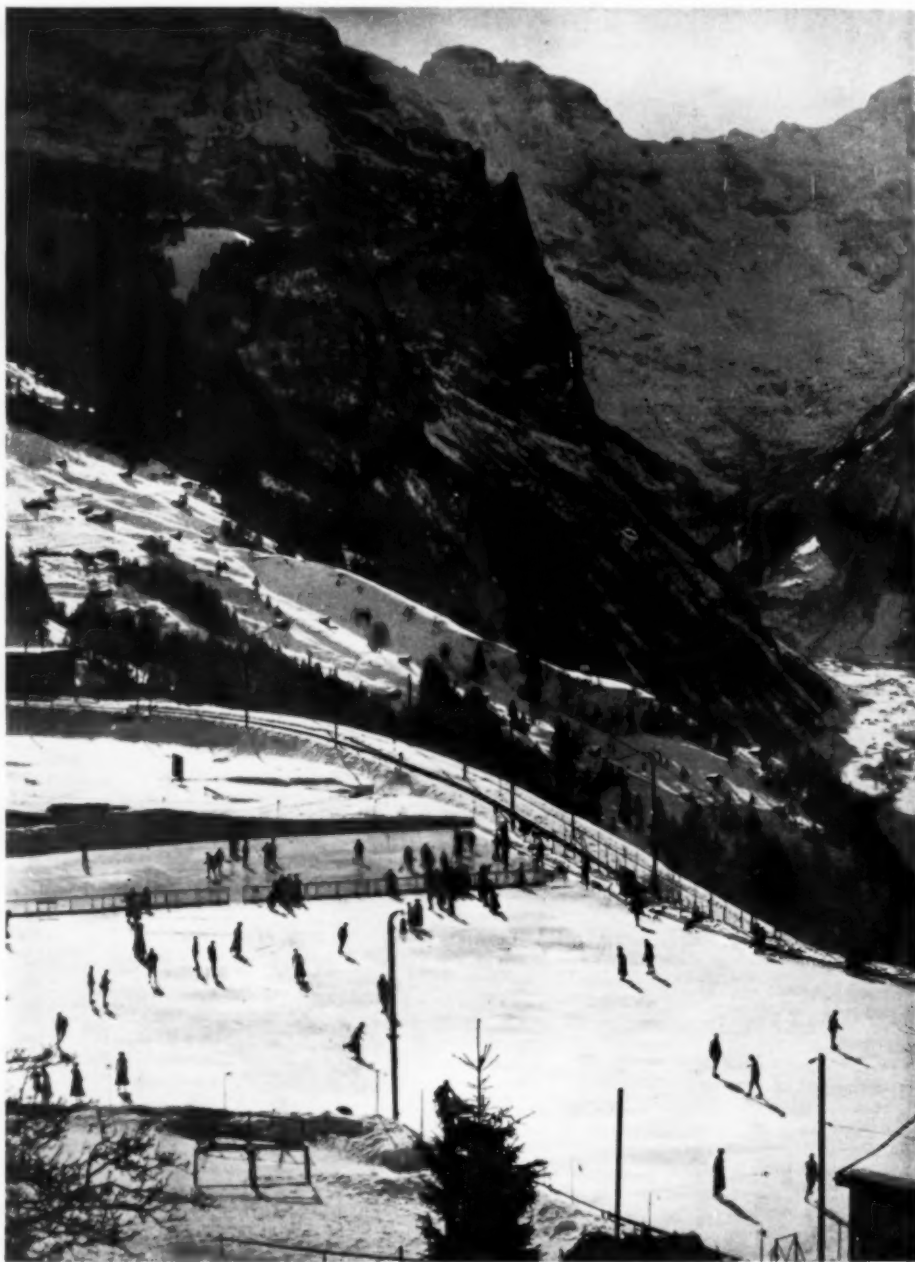
By SIR MARTIN CONWAY.

**B**Y this time it is well enough known, in England at any rate, that for young people to rejoice in their youth no better scene exists than the levels of high habitation in the Alps. But what is not so generally realised is that here also the middle-aged and the young-old folk can renew their youth in the most surprising fashion. Anyone who chooses to devote a few days to painful initiation can learn to slide about on ski. He need aim at no high level of skill. He need have no ambition to make those long sliding jumps which can be photographed so dramatically. He need not even trouble himself to fathom the mysteries of Telemarks or Christianias. So long as he can keep his balance while sliding down or across moderate slopes, and can shuffle even toilsomely up the same when he has gloriously reached their foot, the joy of a new life is his. With the mountains and the snow-laden forests all glorious about him, the cold air to fill his lungs and fire his circulation, and the bright sun to shine warmly upon him, he finds himself entering on a new existence. The pains and anxieties of home life drop away from him. The past is as though it had not been, the future as though it were never coming. He is conscious only of the present, and of that as a supreme joy and fulfilment of all that life can give to the most favoured.

Forty years ago I saw the little village of Wengen on its green shelf overhanging the Lauterbrunnen Valley and overhung by the noble face of the Jungfrau. I suppose it had an inn or two, for it was on a pedestrian highway that attained early popularity—the route from Lauterbrunnen over the Wengen Alp and the Little Scheidech Pass down to Grindelwald, and thence over the Great Scheidech to Meiringen. Our grandfathers and even our great-grandfathers tramped along that track admiring the avalanches and the strange glaciers, and the high and supposedly almost inaccessible peaks that look down upon it all along in the south. Even forty years ago little was changed except that by then the glamour of inaccessibility had gone from the peaks. But since then the mountain railways have come and the great summer crowds, and all is altered. There is no solitude and no mystery any more, and the railway even carries multitudes to the very Jungfrauoch itself. The English, who first popularised the Alps in summer and then were submerged by the Teutonic multitudes that followed them, have changed their season, and now they own the chief Swiss winter sport resorts, Germans and Austrians for the most part finding their pleasure in their own eastern mountains, which are more easily accessible to them.

In response to these new conditions Wengen has become a very different place from what it was forty years ago. The simple inn or two of those days have given place to I know not how many great and comfortable hotels, rivals, no doubt, in their desire to catch visitors, but co-operators

together in the entertainment of them, so that the dances, concerts and other amusements provided at one of them are open to all and advertised by all. Perhaps nothing is more noticed by anyone whose devotion to the Alps goes back almost half a century than the change in the character of the good Swiss hotel. It is in the hall that this change is most apparent. The entrance hall of the old Bear at Grindelwald or the Monte Rosa at Zermatt, for instance, was a mere narrow passage-way which the impedimenta of a couple of climbing parties were sufficient to



Ward Muir. A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE SKATING RINK AT WENGEN. Copyright.

encumber. A dozen people sufficed to crowd the smoking-room, while a gloom of indescribable depression made the drawing-room practically uninhabitable. The result was that we went outside and sat upon some convenient wall, which was the real salon of the place, where employers and guides mixed together, and wonderful talk in stumbling languages was intensely enjoyed. I do not know whether the famous wall at Zermatt is still frequented, or even whether it exists, but I am sure that the need of it has passed, for the chief feature of a modern hotel is its great open ground floor, a huge talking place, dotted all about with little tables and countless cane arm-chairs, while outside of it, all along one or more sides of the hotel, is a wide, enclosed verandah similarly equipped, with great plate-glass windows, removable

in summer, and all comfortably and sufficiently warmed with central heating and, of course, brightly lit by the water-power of the hill behind, transformed into electricity. It is easy to lament the vanished simplicities of the past, but the comforts of the present have their compensations. Thus, I am enabled to sit in warmth as the sun is setting and the temperature without is I know not how many degrees of frost now that the hot radiation of the unclouded sun is withdrawn, and I can watch the gathering of the twilight in the deep bosom of the Jungfrau, whence the curdled glacier pours forth its majestic ice fall, while the last glimmering of a pink Alpine glow faintly outlines the highest crest against the bluest sky.

Leisurely enjoyment of glories such as these can only be had in comfortable conditions where winter reigns. By day we are independent of such artificial protection, because our own energies light within us such potent fires that cold cannot approach, for we all do something, well or ill, else we should not be here. We have come to live and move, not to vegetate. Nothing but rain and thaw can keep us indoors, and those are rare occurrences at high levels in an Alpine winter. As for snow, the more it falls, the better we are pleased, except the skaters, who sometimes have to wait till the sweepers have done their work. It need not be supposed that everyone who skates is an expert, even beginners are not ashamed to appear. There are, in fact, more beginners than experts in every activity, and theirs is at least a large share of the joy and an equal share of the health-giving generosity of the Alps in winter. But for them, as for all of us, it is a rare delight to stand still from time to time and watch the indescribably graceful movements of such beautiful skaters as those famous amateurs, Mr. and Mrs. Syers, who are here, or Lord Lytton, who is on the opposite hillside at Mürren. Not far away from the skaters is the curling-rink, where cheery Scots shout criticism or encouragement to wide-throwing Saxons, half of them beginners also. Those who would learn to ski have the help of the British Ski Association, here enthusiastically represented by the Hon. E. C. Pery, who will take the veriest novice kindly in hand and teach him the mysteries of Telemarks and Christianias, till he can pass the tests and take part (as he will soon find himself able to do) in organised runs, such as up the Lauberhorn, or over the Little Scheideg to Grindelwald. Of course, everyone toboggans. It is the exception to go out of the hotel and not lead a luge behind one, even if one's goal is merely the telegraph office, because every path goes up and down, and it is so much pleasanter to slide down than to walk. On suitable days all the world takes train to the Wengern Alp and slides back, either down the meandering ice-run

or on ski by the upper or lower way, according to the amount of his skill. The climbing ski-ists, members of that small body the Alpine Ski Club, when the weather is set fair and other conditions are suitable, take train to the Jungfrauoch, and disport themselves on the upper reaches of the great Aletsch Glacier and the high peaks that surround it. Meanwhile, the ordinary run of happy folk below, who are not sliding about down easy snow-slopes on ski, or curling, skating or luge-ing, are perhaps watching an ice-hockey match between Mürren and Wengen, or a game of living-curling, where blindfolded ladies on skates take the place of stones and are pushed towards the tee by male competitors. Ski gymkhanas, ski-races, toboggan races, skating, and all sorts of other competitions are events of every day, so that there is not a dull moment when the weather is anything except thoroughly bad. Thus we are tempted or driven out of doors till evening closes in, and we return cleansed in mind and body by sunshine, activity and the breathing of pure air. A great feature of winter hotel life is the public afternoon tea in the great hall, when the entire community groups itself in chance assemblage about little tables and the chorus of talk is a measure of the full tide of life that flows through the crowd. Nowhere, not even in a trainload of schoolboys off for the holidays, have I seen so uniform an expression of careless pleasure in the faces of a multitude of folk as one sees in these winter Alpine resorts, and it is at tea-time that the simple freedom culminates. Then perhaps some play cards for an hour or two, or write imperative letters, or take hot baths.

But the day is still far from ended. After dinner there is perhaps an ice carnival on the skating rink, when the skaters carry Chinese lanterns and wind about in involved procession that reminded me of nothing so much as the candle-bearing stream of pilgrims at Lourdes. Of course, there is dancing every night at one or other of the hotels, and sometimes there is a cotillon, always certain to be highly successful, because good spirits here never fail. I say nothing about the wet weather indoor sports, which as naturally raise on the rare occasions when we are confined indoors as flowers come in spring or avalanches follow snowfalls. I shall have written in vain if I have not made manifest the simple fact that this great modern invention of winter sport is a true life-giver or rather life-renewer, not, indeed, likely to be attractive to persons of luxurious habit, but delightful and recuperative in the highest degree to such as would live more actively if they could; that is to say, to the great bulk of the employed classes of intelligent men and women. It is wonderful to see them rejuvenate after a few days. In such a world high spirits of necessity reign, brought by health and carrying health upon their wings.

## ENGLAND v. WALES.

A TREMENDOUS storm of shouting and hat-waving burst over Twickenham when the ubiquitous Pillman dashed up to score England's second try; it broke out again when Chapman kicked the goal and a third time a few minutes later when the final whistle blew, leaving England victorious by a single point. Yet of those whose voices swelled that imposing clamour not a few must have left the ground feeling not wholly satisfied, for another voice, small but insistent, told them that the victory was a very lucky one. Not only was that second try, despite the undoubted glories of Brown and Pillman, on the whole something of a lucky one, but the Welshmen had for three-quarters of the time dominated the game. True, the Englishmen, by reason of their great pace and possibilities, never seemed wholly unlikely to score, but that likelihood at no time went beyond one rapid raid; the Welsh forwards were always attacking and they deserved to win and very nearly succeeded in winning the game "off their own bat." They were something too impetuous in the matter of off-side and invariably paid the penalty, for Dr. Greenlees, the referee, had a remorseless and far-seeing eye, but otherwise they played nobly; they worked unflaggingly and gained much ground by their dribbling rushes, albeit their kicking was occasionally too hard; they had the best of it in the line-out, and in the scrummage they were supreme. Towards the end of the first half the English forwards did well, but at all other times they were fairly and squarely beaten, and the ball was hardly in before the Welsh hookers had triumphed yet again, and it had gone from Lloyd to Clem Lewis, and the three-quarters were on the move. If those three-quarters could have moved faster and so could have driven home their

attack, some of the innumerable openings made for them must have ended in tries. As it was, though they did nothing positively bad, yet there never appeared much danger of their scoring by sheer attacking power and, in fact, they never did. Their one try in the second half came to them easily from a mistake by the defending side in its own twenty-five; and the other Welsh score in the first half was a brilliant *tour de force* by one player, Hirst, the left wing three-quarter. His first drop at goal, which so very nearly scored, was so astonishing as to appear almost in the nature of a fluke, but the second proved that it was nothing of the kind. He received the ball close to the touch-line with no chance of getting through, turned quickly inwards for a step or two, and then, with a low, hard kick, sent the ball fizzing just over the exact centre of the crossbar. In the second half Clem Lewis, the Welsh stand-off half, seemed superficially to be rather selfish, but probably he had come by that time to despair of the men behind him prevailing against the superior speed of the English backs, and, if so, it is difficult to say that he was wrong. He would not, one may suspect, have clung so resolutely to the ball if he had had Lowe and Will and his Cambridge three-quarter line at his back.

On the winning side some four or five players stood out as indispensable members of an English side. Johnston was as cool and unruffled as usual, and showed an astonishing power of getting in a hard kick with no time to do it in and as often as not over his head. Pillman was, as usual, in two or three places at once; his pace was invaluable in scoring the winning try, and very nearly enabled him to score two more. Once he only just knocked on from a kick by Lowe,





AN EXCITING MOMENT IN MID-FIELD.

when, if the ball had come to him but six inches lower, he would have gone straight in between the posts; another time only the luck of the bounce enabled Bancroft to touch down in a race of which he was getting decidedly the worse. Brown, too, played a fine game, scoring the first try and having a hand in the second, while of the less showy forwards Maynard, with his great strength and weight, was prominent. Last and greatest must be named the English captain, Poulton, who most effectively rebutted all criticisms of his selection. He made one bad mistake which let the Welshmen in, and it would have been very hard upon him personally if that one lapse had lost his side the match, for otherwise he played splendidly, cool and admirable in defence, and at least on two particular occasions brilliant in attack. It was he who by leaving a host of enemies as if they were standing still virtually gained the first try, and both in that run and another equally good he displayed that wonderful quality of his, whereby all the other players seem to melt away by magic, leaving Poulton to flicker along an empty track.

Of the other English backs Watson was sufficiently good, but lost one very fine chance through mysteriously losing the ball. Chapman was rather a failure, though he deserves credit for not missing that agonising short punt in front of the Welsh goal, if the analogy may be permitted, on which hung England's fate. Lowe had very few chances, and made no great use of those he had. He and Chapman, as a combination, were disappointing, and so to some extent were the Leicester half-backs, though their task was a hard one. Whatever may happen, it is likely that Leicester will have some more representatives among the forwards for the Irish match, in the hope that England may sometimes get the ball.

## AGRICULTURAL NOTES

### THE TRING RECORDS.

**S**PEAKING from memory, the herd of Jerseys at Tring has been in existence at least a quarter of a century, and all that time it has been well before the public eye, being represented at all the shows of any importance, and carrying off the lion's share of the prizes. One would naturally expect, therefore, that by this time there would be a grand lot of milking Jerseys collected that would take a good deal of beating at the pail. But Lord Rothschild's enterprise in cattle breeding has by no means been confined to that breed. He had a fine herd of redpolls, which, I believe, has been given up, but everybody knows what Tring has been in the great movement for improving the milking properties of the shorthorn. Under these circumstances a peculiar interest attaches to the published records of the results obtained, especially as they are complete in all details, and give the doings of the whole herds instead of a select list of marvellous performances. Partial information is

of little value, and the thanks of all dairy farmers are due to Lord Rothschild for the "unvarnished tale" just supplied to the public Press. The yield of every cow is given, with her age, date of last calf, number of calves, total days in milk and average yield per day. Separate tables are given for the cows which have been in the herd for the whole year ending September 30th last, and for those which have been added during its course, and it is to the former that I now wish to draw attention. Let us take the Jerseys first, and then compare their record with that of the shorthorn. The first list contains the names of seventeen cows, and their total yield was 12,000 gallons, giving an average of 706 gallons per head. The largest quantity from one cow was 1,138 gallons from Misnomer's Lass, and next in order came Triangle 2nd with 1,046 gallons. Only one other gave over 900 gallons, and, with one exception, the remainder were not uneven in their total yield. One old cow, Cute 2nd, the dam of eleven calves, for some reason only gave seventy-nine gallons, and this lowered very considerably the general average. Passing to the shorthorns, we find seventy-five cows that were in the herd the whole year, and that they gave an average of 635 gallons, or seventy-one gallons below that of the seventeen Jerseys, which, at first sight, sounds rather startling and a wonderful victory for the Channel Islanders. The difference is still more striking when the quality of the milk is taken into account. Supposing the shorthorn milk to be worth 8d. per gallon, the Jersey would be worth 1s., and so, on that basis, a simple calculation shows a gross annual return of £35 6s. per head for the Jerseys against only £21 3s. for the shorthorns.

Though this wide difference in the results in itself suggests something exceptional in the relative merits of the two sets of cows in question, it certainly affords much food for thought for the practical dairy farmer. Were it not for the beef question such facts, if generally known, would go far to induce many to give Jerseys an extensive trial, but the small value of the breed to the butcher, when their work in the dairy is done, acts as a fatal objection to the ordinary farmer. Then, it is only fair to remember that it is much easier to obtain a high average for seventeen cows than for seventy-five, and also that the Tring Jerseys have had time to arrive at something like perfection, while the herd of shorthorns was started at a later date. An examination of the list of the latter also reveals great possibilities. It includes the celebrated cow Dorothy: this animal has been in the herd ten years, has maintained an average yield of 1,055 gallons and gave last year 1,595 gallons. Dolly Grey gave 1,313 gallons, but only two others exceeded 900 gallons. Without any disparagement of the shorthorn performance, which was really very good, it is obvious that it leaves room for improvement. The published records are both interesting and valuable, but it will perhaps be well to avoid drawing from them a too hasty conclusion as to the relative merits of the two breeds as dairy cattle. A. T. M.



## BIRD NOTES FROM THE SHETLAND AND ORKNEY ISLANDS.

FOR the naturalist and bird-lover who wishes to spend a happy and peaceful summer holiday, the Shetland and Orkney Islands, with their teeming masses of bird-life, offer very special attractions. Not only will he find many of the commoner kinds of sea-birds nesting there in countless numbers, but also several species which do not breed in other parts of the British Isles. A visit to either of these groups of islands is really a very easy affair, though many still regard such a trip as a serious undertaking. The whole journey takes at most thirty-six hours, and from Lerwick, in the Shetlands, one can reach all parts of Mainland by motor, while the other islands are in frequent communication by steamer or boat. Lerwick is a great centre of industry during the herring-fishing, and the harbour on a bright summer morning presents a most fascinating and busy spectacle. Some seven or eight hundred steam trawlers and drifters employed in the trade are constantly coming and going, while brown-sailed fishing-boats, rowing-boats and motor-boats are moving in all directions, and here and there a yacht rides lazily at anchor. Everywhere there are gulls, hundreds and hundreds of them, principally lesser black-backed, herring and common gulls, as well as kittiwakes—some on the wing, others at rest on the oily waters of the harbour and on the boats at anchor, while numbers sit on the chimneys, roofs and walls of the houses overlooking the bay, ready to pounce on any scraps and refuse thrown from the various craft or from the houses which overhang the water and actually rise from the sea!

The Shetland and Orkney Islands offer a striking contrast, both as regards their physical features and their avifauna. The former consist for the most part of wild, uncultivated land covered with moss, stunted heaths and coarse grass, thickly studded with lochs and pools of all sizes, some of which afford excellent trout fishing. In spite of its desolate nature, the land has a wild beauty all its own and is a paradise for wild birds. There are few cattle, and the Shetland sheep are but thinly scattered over the rocky hills and desolate flats, where they pick up a scanty living. When their fleece is about to be shed they are gathered into pens and the wool is plucked by hand, instead of being shorn. The "rooing" of the sheep, as it is called, is a very important operation, the beautiful soft wool being a source of considerable income to the natives. The Orkney Islands, with the exception of Hoy, large parts of Pomona and Rousay, which are mostly moorland and carry a good stock of grouse, are in many parts highly cultivated and yield excellent crops. Corncrakes are common in the cultivated districts; it seems strange that numbers of these rails should annually travel so far north, but on migration they cover great distances, and there is a specimen in the National Collection which came on board a vessel a hundred miles to the south of Madagascar! From our notes on the birds of these islands it is thought that the following may be of general interest.

During the winter months wild swans, both whoopers and Bewick's, but chiefly the former, visit the Shetland Islands, but of late years they appear to have become less numerous. In 1909 a pair of whooper swans were shot at and winged near Dunrossness, in the southern part of Mainland. As the birds were otherwise unhurt, Lieutenant-Colonel R. H. Nicholson amputated their broken pinions and set them at liberty. The following spring they nested and reared one cygnet; in 1911 they reared three, and in 1912 four. This year the marsh where they had nested was dry and entirely devoid of water, and people were able to walk all over it; the swans, being constantly disturbed, did not attempt to breed. One of the young whoopers disappeared in the summer and was probably shot, and another was pinioned and sent to Sandwater, a loch in the middle of the island, where we saw it in company with a mute swan this summer. The remaining young have so far shown no desire to leave the spot where they were bred, though they all trumpet and become restless as the time approaches when they would naturally migrate. It will be interesting to see if they now remain permanently and establish a resident colony. More than a century ago the whooper used to breed in the Orkney Islands on the islets in Loch Stenness in Pomona, but it is now only a winter visitor to the British Islands. It will be remembered that the breeding of the gadwall in Norfolk commenced in a very similar manner to that of the whooper swans in Shetland. About sixty years ago a pair of pinioned birds introduced at Narford Hall nested, and their descendants

greatly multiplied on the carefully preserved waters at Merton and elsewhere and induced perfectly wild gadwalls to remain and breed.

The number of pin-tailed ducks and shovellers has increased this year, and numbers of broods of both were safely reared in the Orkneys. The continuous gales of last winter caused considerable mortality among the eider ducks and proved most disastrous to the green cormorants or shags. The latter, being unable to procure fish, perished in thousands from starvation, and their corpses still strew the coasts in many places. The bay below Sir Arthur Nicholson's house on Fetlar was so heaped up with dead birds and the stench was so great that he was obliged to have them taken away in cart-loads and buried. Of late years the number of shags had enormously increased, and on every part of the coast they might be seen sitting in scores on the outlying rocks, resting from their fishing operations. This year there are comparatively few left; probably about ninety per cent. have perished. The misfortune which has overtaken them is no doubt a blessing to the natives, for these birds consume an enormous quantity of fish and were becoming far too numerous. In the Orkney Islands the shags suffered equally, and there are comparatively few survivors. Our watcher on one of the islands who lives close to the shore told us that on many of the crofts the dead bodies of shags were used as manure, and that during the prolonged storms, almost the worst season he could recollect, the poor birds were so starved and wretched that they actually attempted to come into crofters' houses and had to be driven from the doors!

The great skua or "bonxie," as it is locally called, is one of the most interesting birds that breed in the Shetlands. About twenty years ago it had nearly disappeared, owing to the persecution to which it was subjected, the birds being shot and their eggs taken with the greatest regularity. When the watcher on Unst was first engaged there were about five pairs of bonxies remaining, but, thanks to the care with which their breeding-ground has since been guarded, there are at the present time about seventy pairs in that area alone, which is probably as many as there is room for. Many of these do not breed; some are probably too old, others too young. As the number on Unst increased the surplus stock has gradually spread to other neighbouring islands, where they have established smaller colonies, and there can be no doubt that these grand birds are now once more firmly established. A curious encounter witnessed on one of the islands is worth recording, as it shows the great strength and determination of these large skuas. A pair of bonxies settled on the beach about thirty yards distant from the yacht and were immediately mobbed by hosts of gulls, which kept screaming and stooping at them, but left them quite unmoved, till a great black-backed gull became especially aggressive. Both bonxies then rose, and, after wheeling round once or twice, the larger bird went for the black-back like a bolt, and, striking him between the wings, sent him hurtling down half stunned to the ground. The gull, pulling himself together, attempted to make off, but the other skua instantly struck him again and once more brought him down on the beach. We expected to see them kill him, but, having given him his lesson, they took no further notice of him and once more settled on the shore in the most dignified manner. It amazed us to see an adult great black-back, the feared of all his neighbours, treated in this offhand manner by a bird of about his own size and weight.

We saw quite a number of bonxies' nests at the various breeding-places, some with the usual complement of two eggs, others with young. One nest contained a single rather small pale green egg with very few markings, very different from the ordinary type, possibly the produce of a young female. When newly hatched the chicks are covered with fawn-coloured down, but they soon become of a light greyish-brown, and are then most conspicuous objects on the ground they frequent. Though active, and able to run quite fast, they have a clumsy, rolling gait. Richardson's skua is a very numerous and characteristic bird in many parts of the Shetlands, where it is known as the "Scouti-Allen." It likewise nests on one or two islands of the Orkneys. It breeds in large scattered colonies, and its nest, unlike that of the bonxie, is a mere scratch in the ground and difficult to find, unless one takes the trouble to locate it by watching the birds. The nestlings, unlike those of the bonxie, are covered with sooty black down. The flight of

Richardson's skua is magnificent, and for grace and swiftness is probably unsurpassed by that of any other bird of equal size.

The inaccessible Holm of Noss, in the Shetlands, is tenanted by a very large colony of great black-backed gulls, probably the largest in the British Islands. From the cliffs on the South of Noss one can overlook their breeding-ground on the rough, grassy top of the Holm and see scores of them sitting on their nests from a distance of fifty yards or less. A very beautiful picture they make in their immaculate breeding dress, and, being perfectly secure on their island, they are in no way disturbed by visitors.

The cliffs on the east side of Noss are one of the most amazing and impressive sights in the Shetlands. They are very high, some six hundred feet or more, and beautifully adapted to accommodate the countless millions of sea-birds which occupy every available spot. They rise ledge above ledge from the sea, and are tenanted by common guillemots, razorbills, puffins, kittiwakes, Fulmar petrels and several other kinds in lesser numbers. Black guillemots are common in both groups of islands, nesting for the most part under the great slabs of stone which strew the shores of some of the smaller islands. In one instance in Shetland we saw one of these birds nesting in a hole in the wall of a ruined cottage near the shore, at a height of about ten feet from the ground, a most unusual situation, which it has occupied for several seasons. The Fulmar petrels have increased of late years in the most astonishing manner. One notices this especially in the Orkney Islands; in some parts where a few years ago there were only one or two pairs there are now hundreds, and they are rapidly spreading southwards, and are likewise greatly increasing on the North Coast of Scotland.

The records of the breeding of the whimbrel are less satisfactory than those of most of the other species. The number of pairs that breed are comparatively few, and in some islands they had certainly been robbed of their eggs. Their beautiful wild "trilling" call, so unlike that of their larger ally, the curlew, is most harmonious music among the wild solitudes of moss and loch where they find their summer quarters. Turnstones were seen in Shetland on one occasion, a flock of six and a pair in full breeding plumage, which were especially observed, but they did not appear to be nesting.

This year we did not see anything of the pair of black-tailed godwits which, frequented the sides of a loch in the Orkney Islands in the summers of 1910 and 1911. They were a lovely chestnut-breasted pair of birds in full breeding plumage, and there can be little doubt that for two seasons they attempted to nest, but lost their eggs. On the marshy ground where they had taken up their abode numbers of common and black-headed gulls, as well as Sandwich and Arctic terns, were breeding, and the crofters who steal their eggs to eat would make no distinction. We spent some hours in watching this most interesting pair of birds, and should they return to the same locality it is to be hoped that, now the place is carefully watched, they will be able to bring up their young in safety. The discovery of this species so far North in the breeding season was most unexpected, though it has been known to occur once in the Orkneys in autumn. About a century ago it used to breed in the south of Yorkshire, also in the Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire fens down to 1829, and in Norfolk as recently as 1847. In the British Museum there is an egg of the black-tailed godwit said to have been taken in the Orkney Islands in June. It once formed part of Canon Tristram's collection, and afterwards passed into the hands of Mr. Philip Crowley, who bequeathed most of his collection of eggs to the nation. On the ground frequented by the godwits a remarkable nest of an oyster-catcher was seen containing four eggs. One of these was nearly half as large again as the other three, but was otherwise similar, all four being of the usual stone colour with black markings. We have seen many hundred nests of these birds, but never one containing more than three eggs.

Both on the Shetland and Orkney Islands the red-necked phalaropes had a most successful nesting season, and many young were safely reared. There is no more fascinating bird than this beautiful little wader; its grace and elegance both when swimming and on the wing are unsurpassed, while its utter fearlessness of man must endear it to all who have seen it in its nesting haunts. To naturalists it is of special interest, being one of the few species of birds in which the female is more brightly coloured than the male. To the latter has been relegated the domestic office of incubating the eggs. The nest is carefully

concealed under a tuft of grass or among yellow flags, and is difficult to find, except by watching the birds. Among the nests observed this year we found one containing two young birds just hatched, with the shell still clinging to them, and two eggs on the point of hatching. The little male settled close to the nest and pretended to be busily engaged in feeding till we had moved out of sight. Sea-eagles have, alas! become very scarce in the Shetlands, and it is difficult to form an exact estimate of their number at the present time; but there are probably not more than two pairs in the whole group. Another vanishing bird of prey is the hen-harrier, and at the present time we know of one pair only which still nest in the Orkneys. They are both very old birds, and their eggs are systematically robbed by the peat-cutters, who are on the ground at all hours of the day and night. It seems to be impossible to save them unless a man can be specially set to guard them. Short-eared owls have done fairly well this season in the Orkneys, voles being plentiful in most of the islands. They are delightful birds to watch on the wing, soaring to great heights, and their curious habit of descending by folding their wings above the back and dropping like a stone through the air from a great height for a hundred feet or more at a time is very remarkable.

It is curious the difficulty which even the more intelligent natives find in describing any strange bird. One of our watchers in Orkney, when asked if he had anything unusual to report, said that he had seen a quite strange bird this season. On being asked to describe it he said it was black above and white below, rather small and always about the water, and he thought it must be "a kind of a duck." We made several attempts to identify it, in vain. Later, he suddenly became much excited and said: "There it is!" On turning round we saw a swallow skimming over the marshy ground near the loch! It must be remembered that the swallow was quite a new bird to our watcher, and he assured us that the pair which had arrived this year were the first of their kind he had ever seen.

On the whole this has been a successful nesting season in both the Shetland and Orkney Islands, and in many cases the young of our rarer birds have been successfully reared—thanks to the good work which has been done by the watchers appointed and maintained by the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds. The efforts of this most praiseworthy and hard-working society deserve greater help and sympathy from the British public than they at present receive. One of the most active branches of the society is its Watchers' Committee, the members of which make it their special duty to look after areas in the British Islands where rare birds are known to breed. They appoint carefully selected men to guard these spots and endeavour to reward their services in such an adequate manner that they are not tempted by the bribes which are offered them to betray their trust by men who ought to know better. These watchers are, as far as possible, visited and supervised every season by members of the committee who, for this purpose, undertake long and costly journeys at their own expense. Those who wish to assist in this excellent and often uphill work should become subscribers to the "Watchers' Fund," even if they do not care to join the society as Fellows. We feel sure that if the work which is being carried on were more widely known the necessary financial help to adequately protect our rarer and more interesting birds would be forthcoming. Should any desire to further the cause of the birds they should communicate either with the Hon. Secretary, Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, 23, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W., or with the Editor of COUNTRY LIFE, who will be happy to receive donations.

W R O G.

## OUR LADY OF DELIVERANCE

Come, Night, with thy dim veil day's follies cover,  
Let all be peace;  
And unto them who toil the wide world over,  
Bring their release;  
With the tired body set the spirit free,  
Grant every soul th' eternal stars to see.

Bring dreams to them whose only joy is dreaming,  
Glad them again;  
From thy dark wings let healing airs come streaming,  
To ease life's pain;  
E'en like a mother comfort all who weep,  
Let thy still magic charm them unto sleep.

A. M. BALEAN.



# THE RARIORA OF THE INN.

THE Saxon word "inn," taken in its present sense, was probably in use before the Conquest, whereas the purely French word "hotel," as generally applied to "an inn of style and pretension," dates only from about the time when officers of the British Army of Occupation returned from Paris with enthusiastic accounts of Meurice's and a dozen other hostleries of the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue St. Honoré which

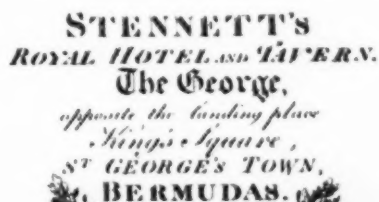
most luxurious and well appointed Parisian hotels owe their origin to British enterprise. The use of the term "inn" as a verb would now be regarded as pedantic, but our forefathers deemed the phrase, "where do you intend to inn to-night?" quite correct, and by Spenser, "inn" was evidently regarded as the equivalent of "lodging," for he wrote:

Therefore with me ye may take up your inn  
For this same night.  
Shenstone's affectionate regard for a



THE ANGEL INN AT ALCESTER.  
CIRCA 1780.

quite threw the humbler accommodation offered by the average British inn of that period into the shade. At the commencement of the nineteenth century Frenchmen taught the London inn-keeper the science of hotel-keeping; before the beginning of the twentieth the Englishman had



Gentlemen are assured of very accommodation,  
good attendance & reasonable charges,  
prime Beds, choice Wines & Liquors,  
A Coffee room with London and  
other Newspapers, Books &c. &c.  
An ordinary or private board.  
Amusements of Billiards, Shuttlecock, &c. &c.

THE GEORGE TAVERN AT GEORGE  
TOWN, BERMUDAS, 1806.

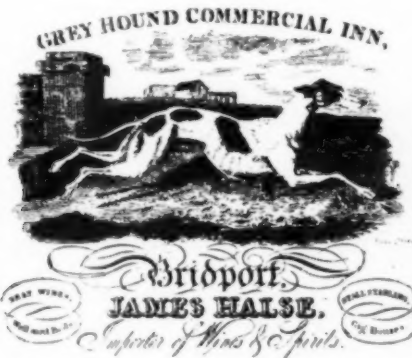
at Streatham and Brighton, but it was in one of the many ancient houses of call still to be found at Henley-in-Arden, and not at the historic Red Lion at Henley-on-Thames, where the Duke of Marlborough halted and George the

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THE GREYHOUND INN AT  
BRIDPORT, DORSET. CIRCA 1755.  
Still existing.

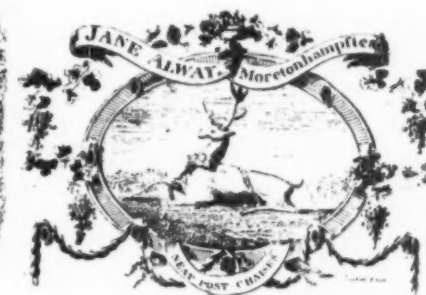
"capital inn" was certainly shared by Johnson, who frequented a great many inns, including the still existing Swan at Lichfield, where Mrs. Thrale played the hostess as she had done at Streatham and Brighton, but it was in one of the many ancient houses of call still to be found at Henley-in-Arden, and not at the historic Red Lion at Henley-on-Thames, where the Duke of Marlborough halted and George the



THE GREYHOUND INN, BRID-  
PORT. CIRCA 1820.  
Still existing.



THE YORK HOTEL, SIDMOUTH, 1790.  
Still existing.



THE WHITE HART, MORETON-  
HAMPSTEAD. CIRCA 1780.



Johann Georg Deuringer  
ra den 3. Moeren in Augsburg  
empfehlen seinen Gasthof allen  
Hochverehrten Herrn Anwesenden

Johann Georg Deuringer  
Aufseher des 3. Moeren in Augsburg  
hat die Ehre zu empfehlen sich selbst  
respektvoll zu den Herren Anwesenden

JEAN GEORGE DEURINGER  
à l'Hôtel des 3. Moires à Augsbourg  
se recommande très respectueusement  
à Messieurs les Voyageurs.

GIOVANNI GIORGIO DEURINGER  
Candidato nel 3. Moire in Augusta  
si raccomanda agli stranierissimi  
Signori Viaggiatori.

THE THREE MOORS INN AT AUGSBURG, WITH  
TEXT IN FOUR LANGUAGES, 1815.



INVITATION ISSUED TO A DINNER AT THE  
DIAL IN LONG ALLEY. CIRCA 1740.



Magnificent discovered the finest mutton chop he ever tasted, that the poet wrote the eulogistic lines quoted by every writer who has ever approached this interesting subject. Whereas the tavern, the tea-garden and the coffee-house may almost be relegated to the category of extinct species, many of the mediæval inns still survive, although, in order to follow the fashion, nearly the whole of them have now transformed themselves into hotels.

New Inn at Gloucester, with its charming interior galleries and ancient carving, which was only new when crowds of worshippers began to throng the shrine of the murdered Edward II., still retains its original designation, and there is a well known London Inn at Exeter. Gloucester at one time must have been a veritable elysium for the inn-holder, as one out of every five was a place of public entertainment, and many of its existing inns can still claim a mediæval foundation. Occasionally, during the time when the terminological transformation was effected, let us say between the year of Waterloo and that of the Alma, we come across such expressions as "Inn and Family Hotel," "Hotel and Commercial Inn," and so forth,

Towards the middle of the nineteenth century the term "inn" came to signify either the village alehouse or inferior houses offering lodging as well as refreshment in London and our larger towns. It is curious to note, however, that in the fifteenth century we hear of "hostellers" as associated with "hay-mongers." In Gloucester, on the other hand, the "inn-holder" was very often a "corvisar" or rope-maker.

On December 12th, 1446, certain members of the Mystery of Hostellers petitioned the Mayor for a confirmation of their ordinances. A quarter of a century later an address was presented to the Court

at the Guildhall in which the Mystery of Inn-holders represented that they had been heretofore improperly designated

*Hostellers*, which *Hostellers* were verily their servants, and begging that they might henceforth be called only by the first title. In his "Livery Companies of the City of London," Mr. W. C. Carew-Hazlitt gives a very interesting account of the evolution of the inn, and the reasons why the callings of an inn-keeper and a hay-dealer were for long years united in one person.

In 1365 the inn-holder was also described as an *herbergeour* or keeper of an *auberge* or lodging-house, whereas the word *cabaret* was the equivalent of a wine shop.

It was employed by Bismarck when he wittily said that Paris was the *cabaret* of Europe. Chaucer studied character in the dwellings of the *herbergeours* with excellent results. It was in his time that the authorities had to put pressure on certain *herbergeours* to restrain them from baking their own bread, and for selling ale, except to stranger-guests—the *bonâ fide* travellers of to-day, or unless the landlord was a common brewer. The Fraternity of the inn-holders of the metropolis was first acknowledged in 1473. Within thirty years they possessed a Livery of sixteen, together with a Master and three Wardens. At some time or another they acquired an elaborate armorial coat with the device, *Hinc Spes Affulget*. In 1663 an Act of the Common Council enjoined that all persons carrying on the business of an inn-keeper within the City and its liberties were bound to become freemen of the guild. The first hall of



INVITATION ISSUED FROM THE WHITE HART IN BERWICK STREET, SOHO. CIRCA 1745.



WHITE LION AT TAMWORTH.  
Card giving list of fairs. Circa 1812.

At the Guildhall in which the Mystery of Inn-holders represented that they had been heretofore improperly designated



LISTON'S EATING HOUSE IN IVY LANE. CIRCA 1750.



SUPERB CARD OF THE FAMOUS HOSTELRY, THE THREE KINGS, AT BALE, 1780.  
Still in existence.



*Eating*  
*Coffee & Tea*  
*Rum*  
*Brandy*  
*Punch*  
*Wine*  
*Negus*  
*Porter*  
*Beer & Ale*  
*Cider & Perry*  
*Tobacco*  
*Servants Eating & Ale*  
*Horses Hay & Corn*

## INN BILL OF 1765.

The portrait is that of Queen Charlotte, then a young bride.

hotel era will be found in John Bickerdyke's "The Curiosities of Ale and Beer," for did not Shakespeare say: "For a Quart of Ale is a dish for a King?" An anthology of the countless songs concerning inns in general, and beer in particular, is provided in Mr. W. T. Marchant's "In Praise of Ale," but the writer in no way exhausts the fertile subject he essays to deal with. Half a century ago, in their "Histoire des Hôtelleries," MM. Francisque Michel and Edouard Fournier devoted two well filled volumes to all that concerns, either directly or indirectly, the present and past of the hotels and cabarets of France. Numerous ballads, tracts and broad-sheets relate to the inn and the ale-house. In the reign of Charles II. one Stephen Bulkeley got into

the Inn-holders perished in the Great Fire. It was subsequently rebuilt on a larger scale. In 1699 their Livery amounted to 122; in 1802 it was also 122. There are few finer pieces of municipal plate in existence than the Jacobean salt-cellar which divides the members of the Court from the Livery. The literature of the inn is far more extensive than that of the tavern or the coffee-house, and inns have figured in plays innumerable. Mr. C. G. Harper's admirable work, the "Old Inns of England," may be regarded as the standard work on the subject. Mr. Frederick W. Hackwood's "Inns, Ales and Drinking Customs of Old England" has obviously a larger scope, and pleasant echoes of the pre-

serious trouble for printing with two quaint woodcuts ten doggerel verses entitled, "The Ale-wives Complaint, against the Excise-men, or a Pretty New Song, How the Ale-wives Complaints, the Excise-men does them wrong," to the tune of "A Good-Fellows a Costly Name." It ends:

Now I must be content  
 And make submission still,  
 And pay Excise-men rent  
 Though sore against my will,  
 So God bless the King  
 And the poet that made this song  
 And hang Excise-men in a string  
 That have vexed us all along.

As early as 1608 "Articles of Direction" concerning alehouses and inns were printed in black letter by Robert Barker. They provide that all licences for alehouses not already granted according to the last instructions shall be presently resumed. All licences newly to be granted shall be made to continue until the sessions next after Easter and no longer. And so to be renewed from year to year, to continue till that sessions and then to end. It is also directed that "if any (licences) have been made otherwise, they shall be called in & resumed at or before Easter Sessions next & so all Licences shall runne in one forme. And it is further ordered that the Alehouse keepers, Tiplers & Victuallers, within the Parishes, Hamlets & Places hereafter mentioned, shall pay such severall summe & summes as is before specified & ordered for alehouse-keepers in Cities, Townes corporate & Market Townes to pay viz. in the Liberties of the Duchie of Lancaster without Temple barre, Chancery Lane, Maribone, Paddington, Bednoll Greene & Islington Parish." It is on the site of these early alehouses of the "Duchie" that have arisen the vast caravanserais which now line either side of the "spacious passage of the Strand." When the "Instructions" of 1608 were issued Mariebone, Paddington and Islington were pleasant rural districts and Piccadilly merely the road to Reading or Oxford as the topographer willed to describe it. There can be no better antidote for such dry-as-dust facts as these than the entertaining book in which the history of inn-signs and sign-boards from the Roman "bust" downwards has been related by Mr. John Camden Hotten.

In several of Hogarth's prints and pictures you get an excellent idea of the early eighteenth century inn, the prototype of the modern hotel. In the famous painting, still in the doomed Foundling Hospital, he has portrayed (roughly possibly) the once famous twin hostleries of the road to Tottenham Court, the King's Head and the Adam and Eve. It may be noted that the hanging signs in each case are supported by frames of wood and iron wholly independent of the main structure. It is not difficult to recognise the swarthy features of the "Merry Monarch," as so cleverly described by Fanny Burney when writing of the house in West Street, Brighton, where Charles is alleged to have tarried during the night prior to his escape from Shoreham Creek. By the side of the scriptural sign is suspended the advertisement of the Tottenham Nursery and the date, 1745. Both these houses have vanished from the face of the earth. They must have been contemporaries of the Castle at Birmingham, for on the trade-card I have seen a soldier is wearing the uniform Hogarth so often drew, and its neighbour, the Bear, in Bull Street, at which "mine host" Robinson provided an ornate bill for those who drank his wine and negus and baited their horses in his stable. It is difficult to satisfactorily identify the features of the legal luminary who heads the bill used by Mr. Burtenshaw of Chailey Common, which are too blurred to reproduce, and we hope his post-chaises were better than his writing. There exists a Shrewsbury bill which is a trifle later, and the most exigent epicure would not be inclined to quarrel either with the abundance or the variety of the fare that was provided for his patrons by Mr. John Weeks of the Bush Inn, Bristol, at Christmas, 1789, the year when George III. and the Royal Family first came to Weymouth. Their marine residence, without any material change of internal arrangement is now the Gloucester Hotel.

The Woolpack was one of the favourite eighteenth century inn signs. Thomas Rowlandson was never



*Eating*  
*Wine*  
*Punch*  
*Coffee & Tea*  
*Porter Ale & Beer*  
*Cyder & Fire*  
*Servants Eating & Ale*  
*Horses Hay & Corn*

## A BILL FORM OF 1785.



*Eating*  
*Sea*  
*Coffee*  
*Wine*  
*Punch*  
*Negus*  
*Cyder*  
*Brandy*  
*Rum*  
*Beer*  
*Solace*

## INN BILL FORM WITH MASONIC EMBLEMS.

Used circa 1770 by Thomas Parker of St. Katherine's Court.



happier than when sketching scenes at inns and taverns. The coffee-room of the inn of which he made a caricature-drawing about 1800 was apparently divided into spaces by curtains instead of by wooden partitions, as in most of



**BILL IN 1787 OF THE STILL EXISTING BULL HOTEL AT BRIDPORT.**

*Opposite which, in 1685, one of the skirmishes of Monmouth's Rebellion was fought.*

seen two inns which maintain the mediæval features which distinguished them since the fifteenth century, and the Miremaide (now the Mermaid), a popular hotel, was already open in 1629. The King's Arms at Dorchester is first mentioned in 1735, and its appearance has scarcely changed a jot since Nelson used to ride up to its hospitable doors and shout lustily for a draught of Dorchester beer. The very flower-pots which he saw and Rowlandson drew still remain above the portico. The Antelope, close to the King's Arms, dates from 1685, and far older were the George, the Crowne, the Shipp and the Royal Oake. The Bull at Bridport, which still flourishes, was already an old house in 1685, when one of the skirmishes of Monmouth's Rebellion was fought outside its door; but its neighbour, the Greyhound, claims mediæval origin, as well as the distinction of having portions of the house owned by different people. It is easy to recognise the façade of Phillips's Hotel, Churchyard, Exeter, by the bill-head of 1807, in which, be it noted, it claimed to be also an assembly-room, a coffee-house, an inn and a tavern, in the Royal

the taverns of that period. The spirited picture in water-colours by the same great artist of the King's Arms, Dorchester, at a time when Nelson and "Nelson's Hardy" were constant visitors, is exceedingly interesting. Dorset and the Dorset borderlands are alike famous for their ancient inns, most of which have now assumed brevet rank as hotels. In Yeovil High Street may be

Clarence of to-day, although the word "Churchyard" has been abandoned in favour of "close" or "Cathedral Precincts." Maria Foote, the sweet songstress, who became Countess of Harrington, was a daughter of one of the landlords of this house, and it is well worth a journey to Totnes to see, almost unchanged, the fine staircase and elaborate moulded ceilings of the Red Lion, where Samuel Foote

for a background and in the year of Waterloo provided "a table-d'hôte and private rooms in the English and French styles," and advertised the letting of "travelling carriages for all countries." Men still living remember the bow-windows of Hatchett's—coffee-house and hotel—as Cruikshank represents them in his somewhat cruel caricature, "The Piccadilly Nuisance." Like its near neighbour, the Gloucester, it has undergone several transformations, in name and otherwise, since then; but they may still be said to form Piccadilly landmarks. It would be curious to learn something of the Angel, which once occupied a great part of the site now covered by the Piccadilly Hotel. Like the once celebrated Clarendon, it has gone and left no trace. In 1820 the Bell Inn at Scarborough still maintained its English designation, which is boldly inscribed on the sign which runs right across the road. The Shakespeare Hotel at Stratford-on-Avon still continues to receive its annual contingent of American pilgrims. Possibly it had begun to do so in 1825, when coaches for London, Leamington, Cheltenham, Birmingham and Oxford left its doors daily, and the word "inn" still appeared on its trade cards. The billhead of the Hoop Inn at Cambridge, apparently used in 1829, gives one an excellent idea of the town as it was in the reign of George IV., and most of the old buildings remained untouched. The Original White Bear Inn, in Piccadilly, on the site of the Criterion, maintained nearly all its eighteenth century characteristics intact when Cruikshank sketched it in 1835. In the year of the Great Exhibition, at least thirty London inns or hotels retained their roomy courtyards, as well as the projecting galleries through which our ancestors found their way to their bedrooms as best they could. To-day they have almost all wholly disappeared. The White Bear was rich in traditions. Benjamin West and many other famous persons "used" the house, and it was from the White Bear that Mme. d'Arblay set out on her journey to France on the proclamation of the delusive Peace of Amiens. Slough was for long years the station for Windsor, as the Eton authorities scented possibilities of immorality in permitting the Great Western Railway to come near the college. It was from Slough that Queen Victoria, in the early "eighteen forties," made, with fear and trembling, her first journey by rail. The Royal Hotel was then regarded as a new departure of considerable importance. It has since been converted into a philanthropic institution.

Nothing can well be more curious than the early advertisements relating to inns and inn-keeping. In 1736 the inauguration of the Three Tuns "within Aldgate" is thus announced:

*To morrow will be Open'd*

*The THREE TUNS within Aldgate*

Being neatly fitted up for the Reception of Gentlemen, & for a Beef-Stake & Eating House; where may be had, neat Wines, Purich in all Quantities; having provided the best Arrack, Rum & Brandy & also CALVERT'S Entire

By gentlemen your most humble servant

THOMAS SPEDDING fm the White Lyon in Cornhill.

N.B. His friends are desired to Dine with him the same day.

Two years later (1738) appeared the following notice relating to the still existing Mitre Hotel at Oxford:

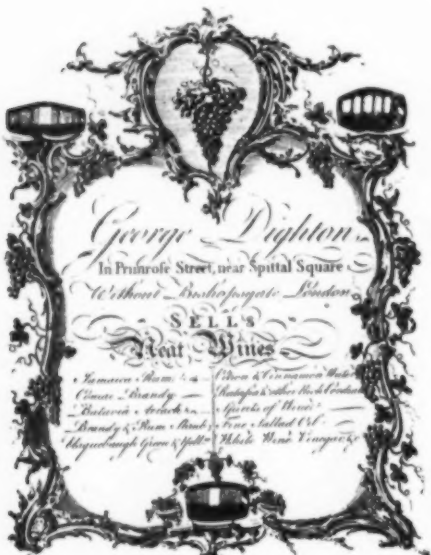
*The MITRE in High-Street, Oxford*

Being one of the Taverns licens'd by the Reverend & Worshipful the Vice-Chancellor is now kept as an Inn & Tavern

by THOMAS COLLINS from BRISTOL.

The old London inns which have not been transformed out of all recognition may to-day be easily numbered on one's fingers. American travellers often seek in vain to mentally reconstruct them as they were in the days when Johnson swore by their saving virtues. Possibly we should not be too well pleased with them, even if we could set the clock back to the time when we might have enjoyed the proffered hospitality of Thomas Ayres and Sister, accepted the proffered dinner of Mr. Spedding of the Three Tuns, or tarried awhile with Mr. Collins of the Mitre or Mr. Matthews at the Crown, Dunstable. We might even have enjoyed a talk with the Knightsbridge vintner who distinguished himself by sitting in the stocks for a wager, sixteen years before the time when Chesterfield and Garrick (if a contemporary caricature may be trusted) looked down from an upper window at the crowd drawn to the Haymarket by the bottle-trick which is as immortal as Hook's Berners Street Hoax. Be this as it may, one cannot help regretting that we really know so little of these old inns, and that once popular places of resort like the Kentish Town Assembly Rooms, the Old Bell and the Old Blue Boar in Holborn, the Black Lion in Chelsea, the Old Crown and the Old Plough at Dulwich, together with the Tabard, the George and the Queen's Head in Southwark, have vanished for ever from human ken.

A. M. BROADLEY.



**TAVERN IN PRIMROSE STREET, LONDON. CIRCA 1790.**

was born in 1720. The Hen and Chickens at Birmingham has completed at least one century of existence, and it would be difficult to realise in the Hotel Meurice of to-day the modest building which once had the vanished Tuileries



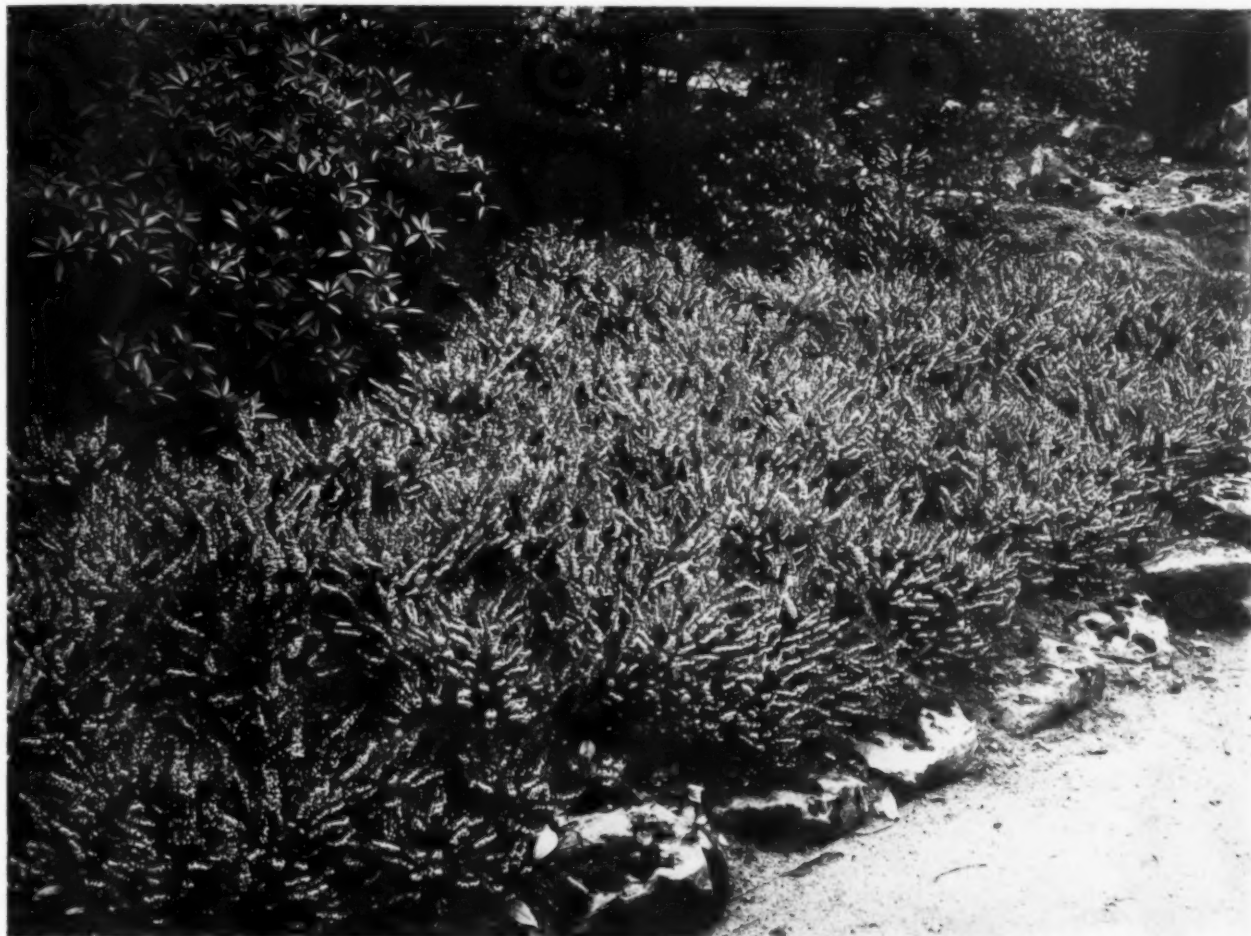
## IN THE GARDEN.

### OUTDOOR HEATHS IN JANUARY

HERE are few more beautiful sights in the outdoor garden during January than a colony of well grown Heaths in full bloom, and few plants that give so little trouble as the hybrid variety shown in the accompanying illustration. To the uninitiated this scene would seem to be more reminiscent of autumn glory than of winter effect, yet the photograph from which the reproduction has been made was taken as recently as the 10th inst. The Heath shown surpasses all others for winter beauty, and, although it has been in cultivation for some years, does not appear to be at all well known. Even such an authority as Mr. William Robinson, writing on the Heath garden in mid-winter in *COUNTRY LIFE* three or four years ago, makes no mention of it, although doubtless by this time he is fully aware of its beauty at a season when outdoor flowers are scarce and those that open, even if not particularly attractive, are highly prized. It is a variety

healthy stock can be maintained. Although cuttings made from partially ripened shoots in August give the best plants, the process is too slow to admit of general adoption, and layering and division are the methods that find favour with nurserymen.

Of taller Heaths there are two that often flower in January, the best being a comparatively new hybrid named *Erica Veitchii*. This was raised some years ago by crossing the tree Heath, *E. arborea*, with *E. lusitanica* or *codonodes*. It makes a graceful bush several feet in height, and the shoots are literally wreathed with white blossoms. It is apt to suffer from very severe frost, and for that reason should have the protection of a few Yew or Laurel branches thrust well in among it during lengthy spells of extreme cold. *E. lusitanica* or *codonodes*, though a very fine and beautiful Heath, is not quite so graceful in habit as *E. Veitchii*, but it is a very useful winter and early spring flowering shrub, its long sprays being exceptionally charming when cut and placed in water, in which condition they last fresh for several



E. J. Wallis.

A BEAUTIFUL WINTER-FLOWERING HEATH: *ERICA MEDITERRANEA HYBRIDA*.

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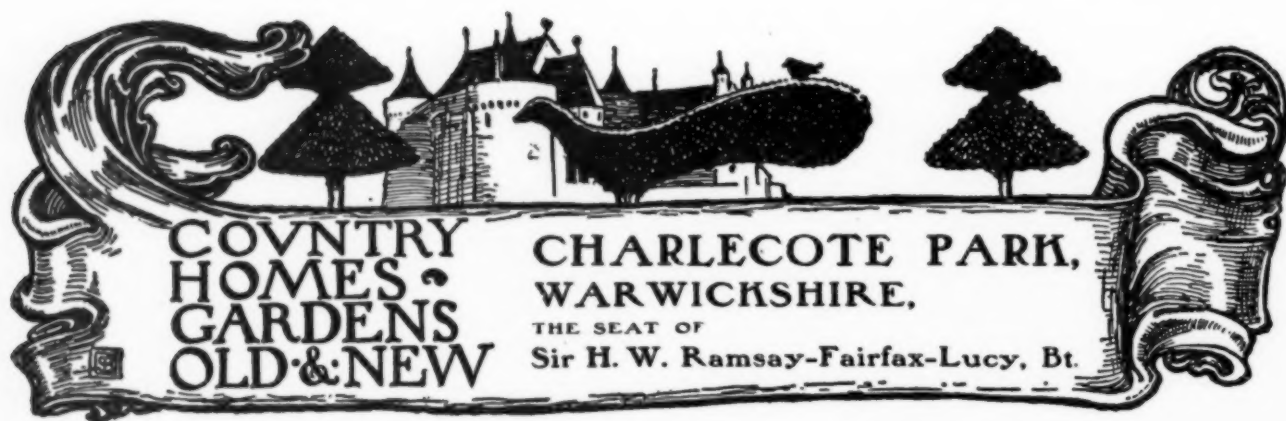
of the Mediterranean Heath, its full botanical name being *Erica mediterranea hybrida*. Its prototype makes a bush 4ft. to 6ft. in height, while the variety now under notice rarely goes beyond 1ft. or 15in.; hence it is admirably adapted for grouping in front of shrubberies and other places where low-growing vegetation is desirable. As will be seen in the illustration, it is exceptionally profuse in flowering, the blossoms being a pleasing shade of rose-red. This Heath, which is quite hardy, generally commences to flower early in December, and remains in good condition well into February, when it is followed by the more compact but equally free-blooming *Erica carnea*. Even in early January in some places the last-named Heath had opened some of its flowers, but the full beauty of their deep rosy-red tints will not be revealed for at least another three weeks. The white-flowered variety named *E. carnea alba* has never appealed strongly to me, even though it does frequently open a week or two earlier than the type. At its best the blossoms are dirty white, and not usually so abundant as those of *E. carnea* proper. These low-growing Heaths always give the best display of flowers on comparatively young plants; hence it is advisable to resort to propagation every four or five years, so that a sturdy,

weeks. Like its hybrid, it needs a little protection from severe frosts, otherwise it is quite hardy. It has white flowers tinged with pink.

In common with other outdoor members of the Heath family, those named above are essentially plants for the more open parts of the garden, where they are most effectively grouped in good-sized colonies in conjunction with trees or other shrubs. Isolated plants are wrong, and those who would grow hardy Heaths should take a lesson from the moors, where Nature teaches that Heaths are best adapted for creating bold, irregular-shaped patches of colour in the landscape.

That they must have peat for their well-being is a theory that has, one hopes, been almost exploded by now. It is true that they like a certain amount of humus in the soil, but in the more open part of the woodland, which is the proper home for these denizens of the moors, decayed leaves will provide all that is required. Thorough drainage is, however, essential, and lime in any form cannot be tolerated. Bearing these few details fully in mind, there is no reason why any garden of fair dimensions should be without a picture in January such as that reproduced herewith.

F. W. H.



**I**N the rich plain of the Warwickshire Avon, where that river winds lazily through the level meads from Warwick to Stratford, perpetually turning and twisting as if very loth to go, stands Charlecote Hall in Charlecote Park. It is a square park, with high roads along three sides of it, and the pretty village of Hampton Lucy at one corner and the hamlet of Charlecote at another. The park itself is all that an English park should be, pleasantly undulating, well watered, abounding in fine old trees, both single and in avenues, full of deer, and green and cool and refreshing. And in this green park stands the old Hall, happily visible from the road, and gleaming red like a precious jewel:

Charlecote's fair domain  
Where Avon's sportive stream delighted strays  
Through the gay smiling meads, and to his bed  
Hele's gentle current woos, by Lucy's hand  
In every graceful ornament attired,  
And worthier such to share his liquid realms.

So wrote Jago, a parson-poet of the eighteenth century, and as no better poet has written of Charlecote we may quote these lines, which are his way of saying that Charlecote Hall stands just where the Avon is joined by the tributary Hele, and that it was built by a Lucy.

There have been Lucys at Charlecote for almost as long as there have been Luttrells at Dunster or Stauntons of Staunton. The authentic records go back to one Thurstane of Charlecote of the time of Richard I., grandfather of the first Sir William de Lucy. Why he took the name of Lucy is not certainly known; the natural surmise is that his mother came of that ancient and baronial house. But he was the first Lucy of Charlecote, and ancestor of the soldier who was in high command at the battle of East Stoke, near Newark, in the army of Henry VII., when the Yorkist star finally went down in red ruin in the waters of the Trent and the shivering Pretender, Lambert Simnel, passed from being the nominal head of an army to being a scullion in a royal kitchen. This Tudor Lucy was great-grandfather of the Sir Thomas Lucy who pulled down the old family mansion and built, in 1558, the present Charlecote Hall. Sir Thomas was a man of mark in his day—a knight of the Shire, a magnate of the Midlands, important enough to be chosen by Queen Elizabeth as one of the escort of Queen Mary when that Royal captive changed her old gaoler, the Earl of Shrewsbury, and came South to her fast approaching doom. But it is not for these things that Sir Thomas is remembered to-day. People go to see his marble effigy in Charlecote Church because a high-spirited young poet once stole a deer out of his park and roused his wrath and just indignation. Everybody knows the legend—how Shakespeare, not for the first time perhaps, came from Stratford, three miles away, on a poaching expedition to Charlecote and got caught; how he was brought before



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THE PORCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





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THE GATEHOUSE ARCHWAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Sir Thomas as the resident magistrate; how, according to one story, he was whipped and punished; how he wrote ribald verses about the knight and stuck them on the gatehouse; and how the end of it all was that he found the neighbourhood too hot to hold him, and so left his wife behind him and moved up to London to seek his fortune. If the story be true—and that it is true in its main outline few now question—what a debt of gratitude the world owes to the knight of Charlecote for providing that impulse towards London without which Shakespeare might possibly never have discovered that he was the heir of the ages! But for his youthful escapade he might have lived out his days in Stratford-on-Avon—mute.

Shakespeare paid off old scores by bringing the Knight on to the stage as a figure of fun, first in "Henry IV. (Second Part)" and then in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." No one can doubt the identification of Mr. Justice Shallow with Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote. Scores of fussy, consequential country squires might be "Justice of the Peace and Coram and Custalorum and Gentleman born and

In other words, Sir Thomas lavished on this funeral all the pomp and ceremony which were due not so much to the lady's virtues—though her epitaph describes her as a woman "so furnished and garnished with virtue as not to be bettered"—as to his wife. The first Sir Thomas Lucy died in 1600, the second in 1606, and the third Sir Thomas was reigning when Shakespeare returned to Stratford and settled down at New Place. He was now a man of position; he could afford to laugh if the Knight of Charlecote frowned. But did the third Sir Thomas frown at the affront put upon his grandfather? We should like to think that a Knight of the Shire who sat in six Parliaments was broad-minded enough to forget an old quarrel which had been none of his. Sir Thomas was a sportsman—in one of the panels of his gorgeous Italian monument in the church he is seen riding a spirited horse—as well as a great county magnate. Moreover, he was so much a book-lover and friend of the muses that there is actually a shelf of marble books upon his tomb. His epitaph—a pretty bit of Latin—says that any good man was welcome to his well laden



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PARTERRE ON WEST TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

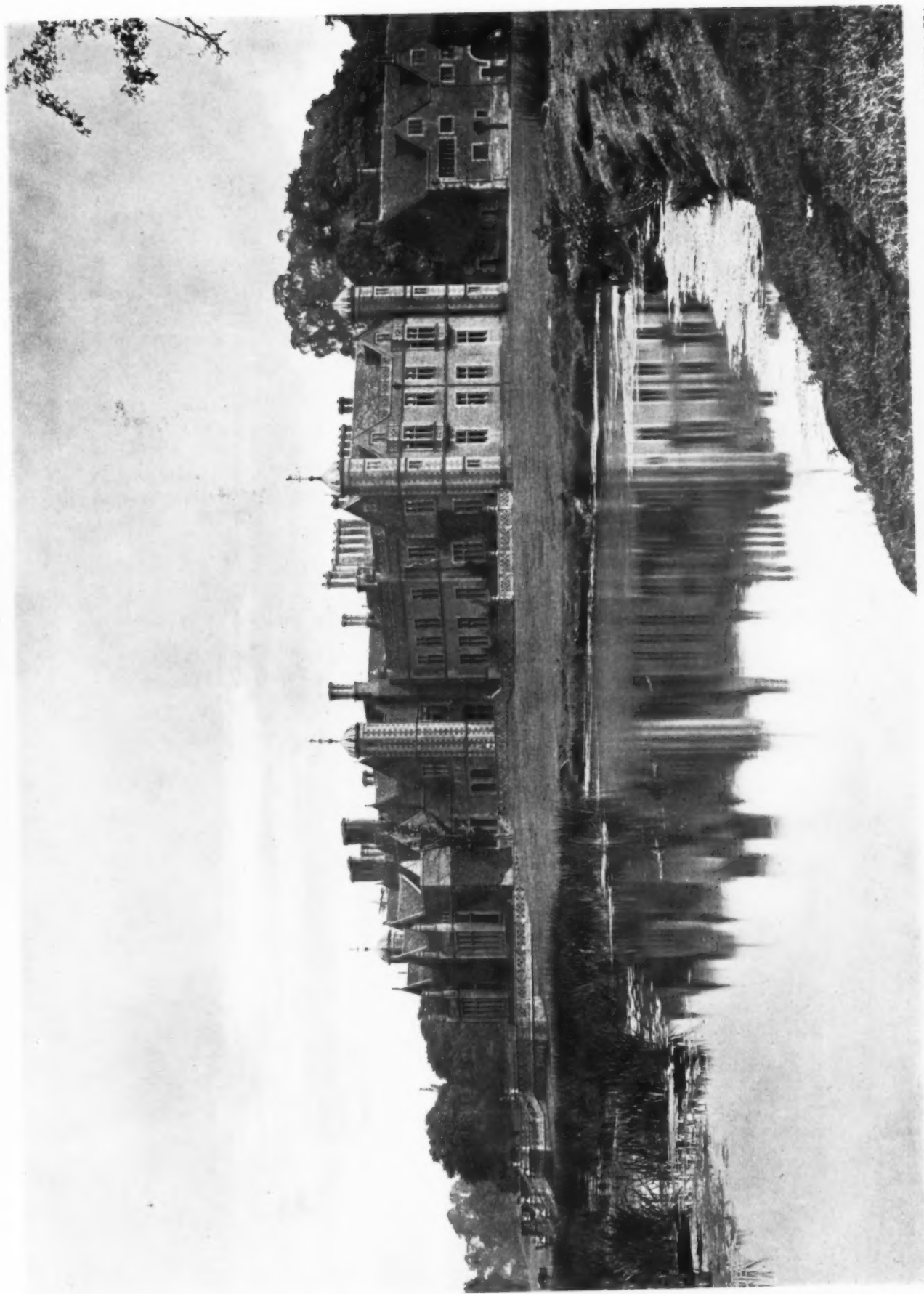
Armigero." But the reference to the "dozen little luces" in Shallow's coat-of-arms—and that "an old coat," as the Justice promptly whipped in—clinches the matter. For the arms of the Lucys are "*luces hauriant argent*," i.e., pikes with open mouths on a field of silver. "You have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge," Shallow complained to Falstaff. The very offences for which Shakespeare had been sent packing! "But not kissed the keeper's daughter," retorted the Fat Knight. The meaning of that allusion is an unsolved mystery. One guess is as good as another.

Shakespeare pokes his fun at Justice Shallow's special foible—his pride over his "old coat" of arms and his long descent. This corresponds perfectly with what is known of Sir Thomas Lucy, for when Dame Joyce, his wife, died in 1595, at the age of seventy-three, the bereaved knight gave her an unusually sumptuous burial. He got Clarencieux, King of Arms, to come down to Charlecote and "give order for the said funerall." Rougecroix was also in attendance, and the chief mourners were five ladies.

board, especially if his talk were of theology or poetry. Shakespeare's theology may have been tainted with heresy; but fancy his table-talk if poetry were the theme! There ought to be a tradition of Shakespeare sitting as a guest in Charlecote Hall and casting a roguish glance up at the bust of "the old pike" on the mantelpiece, and telling the tale of how he once lay snug in the bracken, and then flashing and bubbling into wit and song. But apparently there is none. Sir Thomas' epitaph speaks of him as a perfect storehouse of the muses. *Musacum certe animatum audit*. And yet the odds are that he never invited Shakespeare to dine with him, though he lived but three miles away. However, there is a gleaming white marble bust of the poet in Charlecote Hall to-day—a very demure affair, very little like our conception of "glorious Will"—and in the drawing-room hangs a portrait, so that that little bygone affair of the deer is quite forgiven now, and even the lampoon—if there was a lampoon—has been graciously amnestied.

The last of the three Sir Thomases is seen with his family in the big canvas by Janssens over the fireplace in

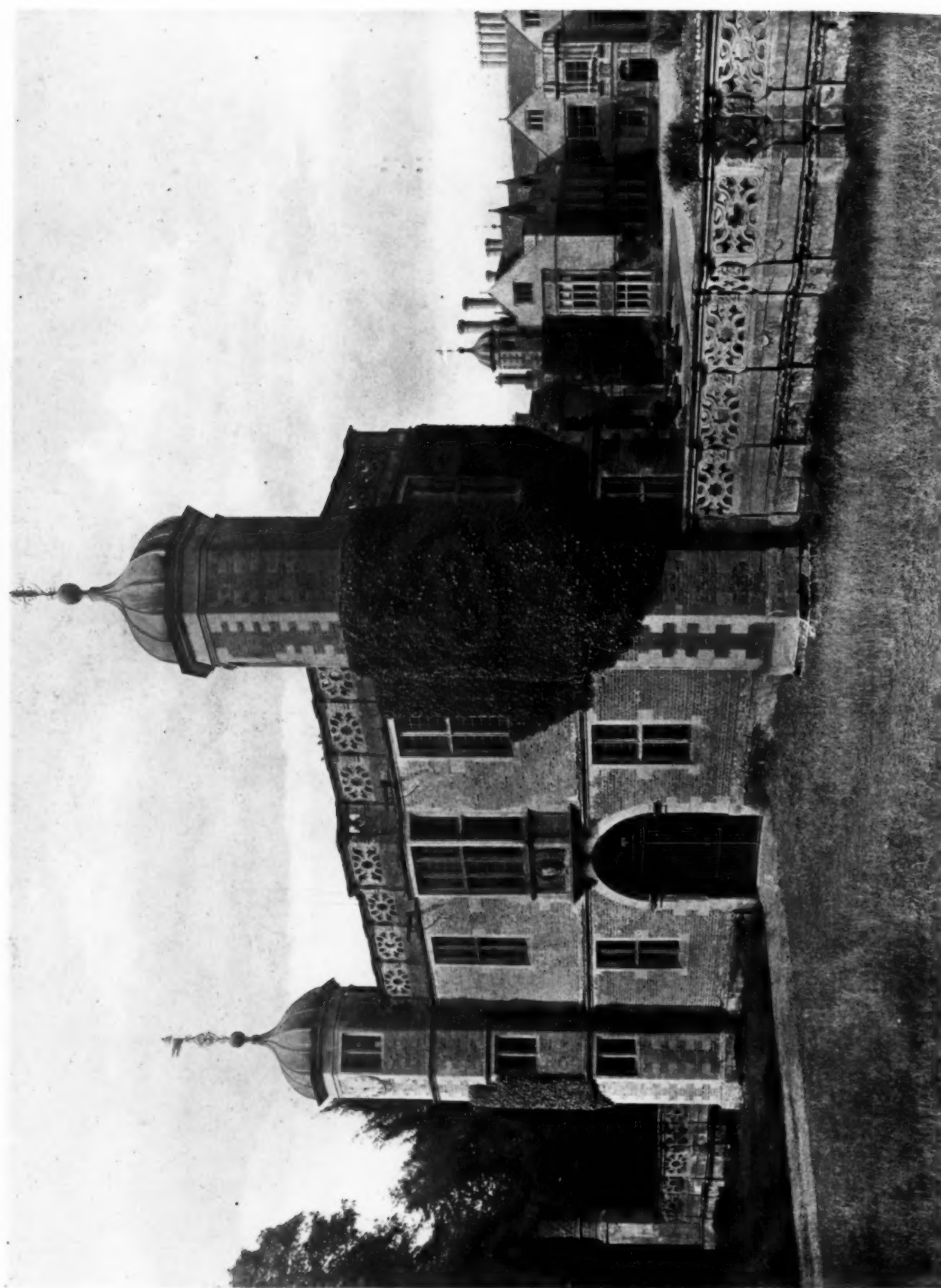




"COUNTRY LIFE."

CHARLACOTE FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

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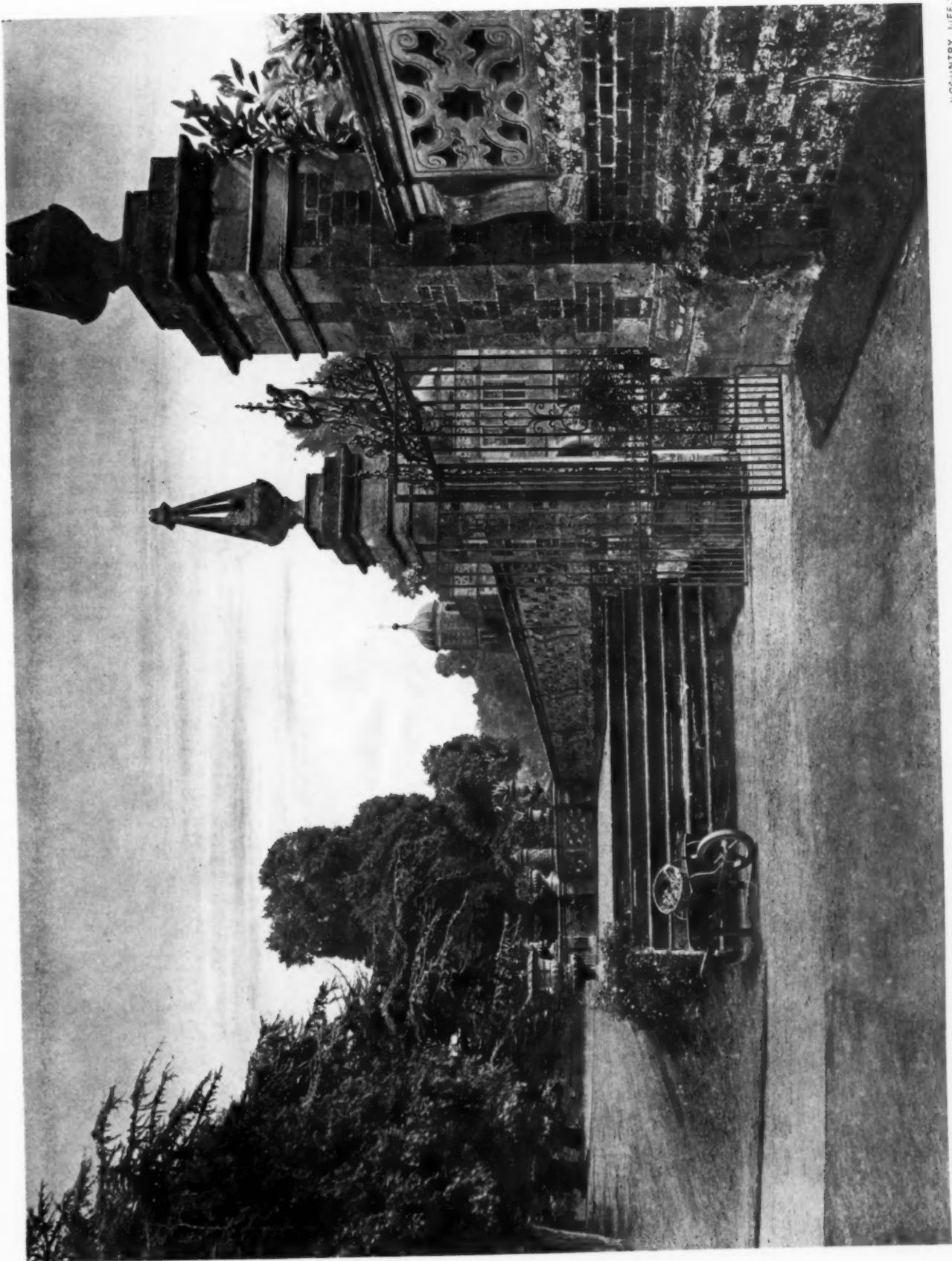


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GATEHOUSE FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

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GATEWAY FROM THE EAST TERRACE.

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SOUTH FRONT AND FORECOURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the hall. They are solemnly taking dessert. Lady Lucy is in the act of selecting a cherry; the young heir is cautiously stepping over the threshold with a dish of fruit; a very Dutch-looking nurse is holding up the baby to view; the rest of the children are fondling two dogs, and a hawk

surveys the scene with becoming indifference from its perch. Sir Thomas himself, wearing a Vandyke beard and starched ruff and ruffles, sits stiffly conscious that all that little world revolves around him. Nor is a look of pride out of place in that hall, for opposite to him the upper panes in the big



Copyright. "THE MERRY, MERRY PIPES."

"C.L."



Copyright. A SHEPHERDESS IN LEAD.

"C.L."



oriel window gleam with all the rich colours of heraldry, and round him on the walls are the portraits of his descendants—Lucys by Lely, Lucys by Kneller, Lucys by Dahl, a Gainsborough Lucy in the room adjoining, and so down to the present day. The Lucys may not have made a great stir in the world. But they were for the king in the Civil War, though Warwick was a Parliament county, and there are gold cups at Charlecote which Charles II. gave to the sturdy Bishop of St. David's, a member of the house, in compensation for his sufferings during the troubles. Another Royalist relic, the gold watch given by the same monarch to Mrs. Lane for her loyal help in aiding his escape after Worcester Fight, was stolen by burglars in 1850 and ruthlessly melted down. It came into the family by the marriage of Maria Lane to the Rev. John Lucy a hundred years ago. In the eighteenth century the direct male line of the Lucys became extinct, and the estate passed in 1787 by distaff inheritance to a Rev. John Hamond, who took the name of Lucy. From him the present mistress of Charlecote is directly descended, and on her marriage with Sir Henry W. R. Fairfax, the third Baronet, he added the name of Lucy to his own.

So much for the family history of Charlecote. As for the Hall itself, the photographs which illustrate this article are, perhaps, the best description. The finest feature of all is, beyond question, the noble gateway, which has been left practically untouched since the Tudor builders quitted their finished work. The old ripe-red bricks have mellowed in three centuries and a half of sun and rain, and blend in perfection with the grey stone quoins and the green of the well trained ivy. The gateway has dignity without severity, and the perforated cresting between the twin octagonal towers adds a touch of airy lightness. The first floor contains a long, well lit room, now used as a museum; from the flat leads of the roof the view of Hall, park and river is charming. People ask what purpose such a gateway served. The answer is that it was an architectural survival merely. The grim old baronial castles had their strong gateways as a matter of course. When the Tudor architects planned their more domestic structures, they could not bring themselves to omit so familiar a feature as the gateway, which had something of the appearance of military strength without the reality. Charlecote was fortunate during the civil wars in lying outside the track of the storm. Other Royalist houses up and down the country, built about the same time, such as Wiverton and Wingfield, found their gate-houses tolerably well adapted for purposes of defence.

The Hall itself has been altered very considerably from the original plan, though the general outline is the same, and a charming picture it makes, from whatever angle it is viewed. It is in the familiar form of the letter "E," with octagonal towers at the corners, each surmounted by its cupola, and with a profusion of gables and ornamented chimney-stacks. In the front, between the projecting wings, is the big oriel window of the great hall and a fine, two-

storeyed porch with Ionic pilasters in pairs at the sides, the Royal arms of Queen Elizabeth over the doorway, and the whole surmounted by a balustrade, and two heraldic beasts perched on guard above. Queen Elizabeth breakfasted at Charlecote one day in 1572, on her way from Warwick to Kenilworth, and Sir Thomas Lucy naturally celebrated the event by putting up the Royal arms and placing a bust of his Royal mistress over the fireplace in the hall. The front of the Hall offers the fairest picture, and this is the original building, though a good deal of the brickwork has been renewed. The river front, which includes a large dining-room and magnificent library, dates only from 1833. Tall windows open on to a formal garden, surrounded by a pierced



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CHARLECOTE: THE HALL FIREPLACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

stone balustrade, and a flight of stone steps descends to the winding river.

Formal gardens, with the beds laid out in neat and sharply cut designs, are a feature at Charlecote, and flank the approach from the gateway to the house. An old picture in the hall, dating from about 1700, shows exactly how Charlecote looked two centuries ago. Between the gateway and the house was a large round pond with a statue rising in the middle, a square bowling-green lying to the right hand, and an oblong formal garden adjoining, with a broad sheet of water between it and the river and another garden plentifully ornamented with statues. Evidently the Dutch influence had been paramount at



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TAPESTRIES IN BILLIARD ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Charlecote, and its owners had desired to be in the fashion of Kensington and Hampton Court. These things are gone now, though a few of the old statues survive, and the park comes sweeping up to the low enclosing walls as though no ornament were necessary other than itself and its stately trees.

Mention has already been made of the great hall. It was greatly altered in 1833, when the old minstrels' gallery was swept away, the oriel window refashioned, and the marble floor laid down. It is a stately room with a fine oak roof, but many of the old Elizabethan features, which would now be highly treasured, were then improved out of existence. In the library is a magnificent suite of ebony furniture, inlaid with ivory, which is said to have come from Kenilworth and to have been a present from Queen Elizabeth to the Earl of Leicester. And everywhere there are portraits and fine pictures, of which mention may be made of a few—Henry VIII. by Holbein, Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary by Sir Antonio More, Queen Henrietta by Vandyke, two Titians, several portraits by Stone, and a delightful Greuze. F.

### GRAYLING IN THE UPPER WHARFE.

THE angler who pays an occasional visit to the upper stretches of the River Wharfe is apt to form an altogether wrong opinion as to the number of grayling the river contains. The basket will consist mainly of trout, with one or two grayling to add a touch of variety, but this does not in the least go to prove that trout are the more abundant fish. Only one or two days in the year, probably during September or October, are the grayling properly on the rise, and to see them then is to form some opinion as to their numbers. They rise not in ones or twos, but literally in shoals. For a space of some yards the surface is alive with them, though these groups appear only here and there upon the flats, while the intervening stretches are almost undisturbed. As a rule, the grayling are not easily taken on the Wharfe when feeding thus. They are attracted to the surface by some insect life so minute that no ordinary lure can be made to represent it. During the summer time it would seem that, often for days on end, the grayling touch no natural fly larger than the green



insect, and on these occasions a fancy fly, such as the red tag, is the only lure likely to tempt them. Hence the popular belief that grayling rise more readily to a fancy fly than to the recognised dressings. Another time when one can obtain some opinion as to the number of grayling in the river Wharfe is when the water is at summer level and the pools among the rocks so undisturbed as to permit the vision of the observer to penetrate to their depths. Lying flat and looking down one can see numbers of grayling basking upon the moss-covered shelves, with only here and there a restless trout moving near the surface. At all other times the grayling contrive to hide themselves so effectively that one would naturally think they were few and far between.

Trout are extremely fond of grayling spawn, and, looking down into the river Wharfe from Burnsall Bridge in the early spring, numbers of grayling are to be seen on the spawning beds, the trout lying a yard or two below and readily snapping up any ova that comes their way. It has been stated many times that grayling spawn is harmful as food to trout, but this, to my mind, is a very open question. The tiniest trout will take it greedily, and it comes at a time of the year when trout need sustenance most, and when their natural foods are probably least about. If grayling spawn can be classed among the natural foods of the trout—and, indeed, it would seem to be—it is sent by Nature, ever true to her principles, to tide him over a period which, in his enfeebled state, might otherwise prove one of famine. Again, it has been said that grayling feed habitually upon trout spawn; but it must be remembered that grayling never leave the main stream, and by far the greatest number of trout spawn up the tiny brooks. Comparatively few spawn in the river, and such eggs as the grayling pick up are those that are drifting, and consequently unfertile. Few practical anglers are of the belief that the grayling nose the trout spawn out of the gravel, and even if so, the harm they do in this direction must be infinitesimal.

For the grayling fisher to procure the best results on the river Wharfe, he must await the most favourable conditions. A slight November freshet, a touch of frost in the air, the very finest tackle and a bag of tiny red worms—this is a combination to gladden the heart of the Upper Wharfedale grayling enthusiast. There is a peculiar charm in this form of angling—the rustle of the brown leaves under one's feet, the first scents of winter in the air, a stillness broken only by the rush of the shallows or the soft, melancholy lowing of a bereaved mother for her wide-eyed, straddle-legged calf. One learns to love the river in winter, and were there no grayling, much of its charm would be gone for those who love it best. H. MORTIMER BATTEN.

## O'ER FIELD & FURROW.

**T**O have carried the horn with a pack of foxhounds of his own breeding for thirty-two seasons is no small thing. Lord Harrington has done this in a by no means easy country without losing his keenness or his nerve. He rides as straight to his hounds as ever, at seventy; yet all that he has done is nothing to the sincere affection he has won. At the presentation of an address last week the town and county of Notts were fully represented. One of the reasons that has enabled Lord Harrington to retain his zest for life undiminished is that he has so many interests, and that he finds a great pleasure in the enjoyment of others in the sport. His tenants regard him with an affection not less than that which his Hunt feels for their Master. Lord Harrington's care for their interests is based on his genuine liking for individuals, and this wins a reciprocal feeling such as no mere benefits can call forth. It is quite surprising, as one looks back over one's hunting reminiscences, how many men of seventy one has known who have ridden straight to hounds when the threescore and ten is passed. Lord Macclesfield will be remembered by Oxford men. In Lincolnshire the late Mr. Edward Rawnsley was a brilliant rider, with perfect hands—I can never recollect seeing him quarrelling with his horse; in Leicestershire, Mr. Mills of Bosworth and Mr. Thorpe of Burton Overy; and no man in Dorsetshire can beat Colonel Brough. The wonderful thing is that some of these veteran sportsmen have not always had the best of horses, yet have continued to ride to hounds with unshaken nerve.

### THE PYTCHLEY RUN OF THE SEASON.

After Christmas the Pytchley look for sport, and seldom in vain. The combination of a meet at Lilbourne and a Swinford fox could hardly fail to make Pytchley history. There was no excuse (except, perhaps, the Bitteswell Brook) for not seeing the result, for there was no whirling start, but hounds, finding

their fox in Swinford Corner, the little crescent-shaped covert by the road at the end of Shawell Wood, ran back through the wood and then steadily worked on by Cotesbach past Coton. As the hunt went on, the pace increased until, before the Swift was reached, horses were galloping hard, and they swept down to the river. Over this the huntsman's horse flew, describing what Bromley Davenport called "an entrancing parabola." Mr. Pat Nickalls just did it, Sir Charles Lowther landed, hung on the far side for a short moment, then, with a scramble, went on. It was touch-and-go with the next man; two or three plunged into the icy waters, while the leaders went on parallel to the Roman road, past Lord Denbigh's coverts and as far as Ullesthorpe. By this time the fox was beaten; but he dodged, twisted and turned by the railway. Then Freeman showed his great gifts, for he kept his hounds to their hunted fox, and, working back over the Bitteswell Brook, ran into him near Cotesbach. Thus a day that began in very moderate fashion was turned by fortune and science into the run of the season—a great gallop, a fine hunt and blood at the end. The run was over Atherstone country. The shape being that of a horseshoe, there was not a great point, but it lasted two hours, and across a flying country.

### CHANGES.

The reason Mr. Norman Loder has resigned the Atherstone is that he has been offered the joint-Mastership of the Fitzwilliam. Mr. Loder is to hunt the pack four days a week. This means the retirement of Walter Barnard, who was the best whipper-in in England in his days, an excellent huntsman, and a kennelman who has bred hounds like Donovan, Rector, Sanguine and many others, whose portraits will be found in COUNTRY LIFE. This speaks for itself, as do the records of the Peterborough Show. To Mr. Loder the prospect of handling this historic pack must have been a great temptation. Mr. Preston takes the Avon Vale. He is a local man and popular. It is said that Lord Charles Bentinck will take Sir W. Cooke's place with the Southwold. Lord Charles has always had a liking for Lincolnshire, with which country the hunting history of his family is so intimately connected. Mr. Horndon, who gives up the Stevenstone, where he succeeded Mr. Mark Rolle, will be much missed. It is not everyone who can hunt and kill those North Devon foxes.

### THREE GREAT HOUND RUNS.

There are days when scent is so good that any well-shaped hounds can hunt and kill a fox if he stays above ground. Such days are enjoyable and rare, but the standard trend of our hunting lives is to be found in those days when hounds have to hunt. It is on these sorts of days that we learn to see the value of a really first-rate pack and a clever huntsman. The test of the breeding and condition of a pack of foxhounds is the moderate scenting day. Then it is that we see the really strong point of the foxhound, when he makes a pace out of poor materials of scent and country and keeps us galloping when others would hardly make a trot necessary. On these days the huntsman takes, rightly, his share of the credit, for he can do much to keep the pack on the line, to keep them moving continually, and it is this unceasing pursuit which kills foxes. The huntsman who is most effective is he who knows exactly the right moment to catch hold of his hounds, because if you interfere too soon the hounds would perhaps have done better without you, and know it, thus they lose trust. If, on the other hand, you leave your cast too long, they lose interest in the proceedings, and do not work so well again in that run. To keep hounds moving on is a good rule. There were instances last week when really first-rate hunts were worked by the partnership between hounds and huntsman. In each case a remarkably handy pack was working for a man they trusted. The first of these was in the York and Ainsty country, where there is much plough. It was in Stubb Wood (from which Sir Charles Slingsby saw his last fox killed on the day of the unforgotten Newby Ferry disaster) that Cumpstone found his fox, Lord Furness acting as Master. The whole hunt took place over the stiff Ainsty country. There was not a good scent, but the pack never left it. The fox ran a ring to begin with, but over a stiff country, the fences as strong as rails and the drains wide, deep and full of water. A clever yet bold horse, and one up to at least a stone more than his rider's weight, is the only one that can cross this country safely; then he will come down sometimes. In Stubb Wood hounds hung for a short time, but giving the fox no rest, he had to break. It was a pretty bit of hunting when the fox ran out to Copmanthorpe, and the pack puzzled out the line through the village. Belvoir blood showed when a busy hound, making the most of his chance, forced the fox on. X.

## THE COTSWOLD HUNT.

THE Cotswold Hunt is a fortunate one. It has a Master who has been in office for nine seasons. During that time the pack has been steadily bred to suit the country until, as we pointed out some time ago in an article on the kennel, the hounds are as good in the field as on the flags. But the best pack requires handling, and the Cotswold have not only been

is a great pleasure in riding over a stone wall country. With anything of a scent foxes run straighter over stone walls than where hedges divide the fields; there is not the same opportunity or temptation to run up and down the fences as we often notice where hairy, ragged hedgerows bound nearly every field. Over the Cotswold Hills hounds carry a great head, taking the fences as they come almost in line abreast.



SKETCHES IN THE COTSWOLD COUNTRY.

well hunted, but have been hunted on the same system. There have only been two huntsmen since 1872, and the present excellent huntsman, Charles Beecham, served for many years as whipper-in to his predecessor. The Cotswold is also famous, as are most varied countries, for the stoutness of its foxes. In its bounds there are wood and hills, the hills being the largest and perhaps the most characteristic part of the country, for the fields are divided by stone walls. There

It is sometimes possible to see as one's horse rises at the wall the fox flitting over the walls ahead and the pack sweeping over the fences. As hounds are less impeded by walls than the fox, they sometimes run up to him in twenty minutes or less. In fact, in the Cotswold hill country a fox hunt often realises the ideal of being short, sharp and decisive. But the Cotswold is not all hills and walls. There is a pleasant stretch of vale, stiffly fenced, and a horse needs to



be a water jumper to carry his rider straight to hounds over it. The timber, as one of our sketches shows, cannot be treated with contempt. With such a pack of hounds as Mr. Lord has, and a huntsman like Charles Beecham, there is plenty of hunting to be seen and hound work of the best. To see this you must ride, and to ride the right sort of hunter is needed.

Stone walls, some strong woodlands and a hilly country demand powerful backs and loins. Hills and a vale that is sometimes holding want courage, and the pace that the pack not seldom develop makes blood a necessity; then, since the hills are steep, even the light-weights must steady their horses for the inevitable steep ascents. We must needs, then, go downhill at some pace to make up our ground. For this shoulders are needed. With these facts in mind we shall recognise the truth of the accompanying sketches. The Master's horse comes very near to being the ideal conveyance for a heavy man in a hilly country. Short in the back, well coupled, with a long rein and shoulders laid just right, this horse should be able to gallop and stay. Readers will note, too, how the secretary's horse and that of the other light-weight in the picture carry their saddles exactly in the right place, and have, withal, plenty of power and liberty behind the saddle. The artist has been most happy in the way he has caught the seat of Frank Hayes, the first whipper-in, and the capital type of horse he is mounted on. A light weight horse if you like, but with powerful quarters and a look of staying for ever. Then there are the ladies of the Hunt. Their representative here is well chosen. Her seat and hands are an object lesson on the advantage and perfection of the side-saddle seat in the case of a real horsewoman.

There was a time not so very long ago when Cheltenham could not make a hunting season for its visitors without a pack of staghounds, but so well have the good farmers responded to the way the country has been hunted that whereas the town once depended on occasional visits of the Berkeley, now there are the Cotswold, the North Cotswold and Mr. Bouth's all hunting the district, giving nine or

ten fixtures in the week. There is no wire on the hills and not much in the vale, and this, I believe, is taken down. There are, of course, a good many strangers at times, but as we see, the courteous secretary has his eye on them preparatory perhaps to a gentle reminder that there is a poultry and damage fund supported by voluntary contributions. The



SKETCHES IN THE COTSWOLD COUNTRY.

Cotswold have had a good season so far. Prestbury Park is practically a suburb of Cheltenham and draws a large field. There is, however, often good sport from this fixture. A fox from a drain gave a gallop here last week. This fox when bolted ran straight for Queen Wood, a covert scarcely two miles from Cheltenham. Hounds quickly pushed him through and away on the far side over the top of the hill

on the sides of which Queen Wood grows. The fox took a rather zigzag course, but the pack stuck to him. Finding the pressure too much, the fox turned away and sought refuge in some quarries. He made a six-mile point, the pace a fair hunting one. From a meet at Northleech, after a morning's hunting over this attractive side of their country

(which, by the way, may often lead to an excursion into the Heythrop or Lord Bathurst's territory), the Cotswold ran very hard in the evening from Hawling Lodge to Aylworth, taking a roundabout route across a good line for forty minutes at a fast pace. Cheltenham has many attractions, of which the Cotswold Hounds and their country is not the least. X.

## ON THE GREEN.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

AMERICA WANTS BRITISH METHODS AND GREAT  
BRITAIN WANTS AMERICAN.

HOW difficult it is to make everybody happy, and how differently people answer the same question, is rather well attested by comparing an agitation which is now going on in respect of the amateur championship in America with a certain agitation over our own amateur championship conditions here. Some

Amateur Championship. It is just like the irony of life that at the very moment at which this agitation is active here, the Americans, on their side, should be showing acute signs of dissatisfaction with those very methods of theirs which our agitators are so anxious to adopt, and should be wishing to throw them over altogether, to play their championship on our model and, especially, to substitute eighteen-hole matches for thirty-six hole.

This is what the American magazine, *Town and Country*, which so good and experienced a golfer as Mr. H. J. Whigham edits, has to say about it: "A good many players are coming to the conclusion that the present arrangement of the amateur championship is wrong. The system of playing thirty-six holes in each round has converted the tournament into a test of endurance more than anything else. Endurance should certainly count in any athletic contest; but it should not be the preponderating factor in a game like golf where skill is of first importance. We should like to see a return to the old eighteen-hole system which is still maintained in Great Britain. In ordinary play a match at golf means eighteen holes; and there seems to be no good reason for changing the unit in a tournament. It is presumed that in a thirty-six-hole match the best player is bound to win. But in most cases he would win just as easily in an eighteen-hole match. It is a fact that in nine matches out of ten at Garden City last September the results would have been just the same if only the first eighteen holes had counted. With all the matches eighteen holes in length the test of endurance would be sufficient but not excessive."

That is what Mr. Whigham, or, at all events, Mr. Whigham's paper, has to say, and the diametrically different points of view which seem to be in course of adoption on the two sides of the ocean are curious. I do not wish here and now to go again through the arguments, worn a little threadbare by hard usage, *pro* and *con* our present system; but there is one point made in the above-quoted passage that is of rather special interest—the statement



PIETER DE HOOCH'S GOLF PLAYER.

of our golfers, it is known, have been making petition that the amateur tournament shall consist of thirty-six-hole matches throughout, preceded by a scoring competition designed to cut out the weaklings. That is to say that, after considerable experience of the present plan, they wish to depart from it and to adopt the method of the American

that in nine out of ten of the matches in the last American Amateur Championship the leader at the end of the thirty-six holes was also the leader at the end of eighteen. It would be a good amusement for some of our statistic-mongers to go to work on our international matches, which, as a matter of fact, have been played in thirty-six-hole matches, in order



to see in what proportion of cases the leader at the end of the first round actually won in the end. It will be found, I think, that the English players have often held the lead after eighteen holes played, only to give way to the Scotsmen at the finish. The Scot has always seemed to lunch more wisely or more well than the Sassenach on these great days. But this, too, may be worth noting—that whatever the result of such an enquiry, it is not quite the same thing to be leading at the end of eighteen holes in a thirty-six hole match as it is to win an eighteen hole match outright. The knowledge that there is another round to go has its effect, an effect which differs with different players. On some it may have the result of making them play the first eighteen holes better than if they knew that all depended on the eighteen; or others, and these are the real match-players and winners of great events, the knowledge that their whole destiny is decided by the eighteen holes will make them play those holes better, and, indeed, in quite another spirit, than if they knew that there was a whole round, in addition, before the decisive point. Statistics "cannot lie," but they are very apt to deceive and it may be that their apparent conclusion would be quite deceptive here. If we turn the question about and look at it from rather a different point of view, we shall see a fresh light on it, may be. Suppose then that we put it to ourselves in this way: "If we had to play a man for £100 and had an unpleasant consciousness that he was the better man of the two, which should we prefer to play him—an eighteen hole match or a thirty-six hole?" I think there is very little doubt about the answer. We should deem our chances, though at best, perhaps, not very roseate, considerably better in the shorter match. On the other hand, if we thought that we had the better of the match, we should prefer the thirty-six hole encounter. It really must be this, that the longer match eliminates the chances and gives the more skilful player fuller opportunities. And, of course, it is possible to continue the argument indefinitely: "Why stop at thirty-six hole matches, if you wish to make certain of the victory of the better player? Why not seventy-two hole encounters?" The answer to that is that the tournament would then become insufferably long. The real and practical question in dispute is whether the eighteen hole matches are long enough for practical purposes, and I must say that in my view we have a wonderful incarnate answer to that question in the person of Mr. John Ball. The number of times that he has come out on top in these eighteen hole tournaments, of which our Amateur Championship is composed strikes me as the strongest argument we could find of their adequacy. Perhaps, indeed, he would have won even more often had the matches been of thirty-six holes each, but it

is my humble opinion and that of most others who have suffered at his hands that he has won quite often enough as it is. Only a little more, and it would become monotonous.

#### A DUTCH GOLF PICTURE.

THERE is a picture which the golfer ought to go and see at the National Loan Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery (now in New Bond Street). The exhibition is altogether of exceptional quality, with some very charming Romneys and at least one most delightful example of Raeburn and of his inimitable talent for portraying children. But the picture to which the golfer's attention should be turned especially is the one here reproduced, No. 63, by Pieter de Hooch, boldly named in the catalogue "The Golf-players." I do not know what the title may have been in the original Dutch. "In an entrance-hall paved with red tiles a little girl carrying a golf club stands with her hand on the latch of an open door. She looks at a boy who is playing golf in the courtyard. In the distance is a village." That is the legend in the catalogue. The point that distinguishes this picture, which has not before been exhibited, is that the golf clubs are so extraordinarily modern. Pieter de Hooch lived from 1630 to 1677, so that the picture was probably painted a little after the middle of the seventeenth century. Please do not infer from this that I am adducing it as proof of a Dutch origin of golf, a reputed origin which perhaps the researches of the late Mr. Garden Smith have effectively disproved—for which service to the game of Scotland he really almost merits a national memorial. But the clubs which these small Dutch golfers are carrying are just like the latest evolution of the driving mashie. They have the shaped iron head and the leather-bound shaft, to give a grip. They have a light gracefulness which is modern. It is true that there is nothing very suggestive of the modern golf course about the arena, so called the "courtyard," in which the boy is seen playing. Neither Mr. Colt nor Mr. Fowler has adopted it for golf.

H. G. H.

#### THE NEW CHAMPIONSHIP REGULATIONS.

The new regulations for the qualifying rounds of the Open Championship which the Committee has arrived after consultation with the Professional Golfers' Association, appear at a first glance at any rate very satisfactory. Lately the championship course has been worked too hard; too many divots have been cut out of it by the universal form of iron shot, and there have been too many days during which the members' house was certainly not their castle. These grievances will be greatly diminished by the removal of the qualifying rounds to two courses of somewhat lesser renown. The chance of failure on the part of a really good player possessed of an appreciable chance of winning is also greatly diminished. No Duncan off his game will fail to get into the first hundred; no Taylor, the stars in their courses fighting against him, will only struggle into the number of the chosen by holing a five-foot putt. In fact, the only obvious argument that can be advanced against the plan is that it may involve on the players' part rather a prodigal expenditure of time and perhaps of money. A week is to elapse between the qualifying rounds and the championship, and, since the former are played on two different courses and the championship proper on a third, the player must needs spend a good deal of time in practising. Hitherto, practice for the qualifying rounds has been also practice for the championship, and this meant an economy of time. However, this is a small consideration as compared with the much more serious difficulties by which the authorities were confronted and which, it is to be hoped, they have overcome.

B. D.

## BOMBUS, THE HUMBLE BEE.—II.

By A. E. SHIPLEY.

WHILE the larvæ were busy weaving their papery coverings the queen has been busy laying further batches of eggs in little waxen cells, which she fixes to the outer edge of the mass of cocoons. Every two or three days a batch is laid until the central block of cocoons is wreathed about with waxen cells containing six to twelve or more eggs and larvæ in all stages of development. These cells lie on the outer edge of the cocoons and in no way interfere with the emergence of the imagos. By the time the first workers have emerged from the primary batch of eggs the larvæ of the second batch are approaching that stage of their development when most attention is needed and so little time is wasted. The worker among the honey-bees does not begin the task of gathering food until she is about two weeks old, though in the meantime she has been employed on certain domesticities within the hive. The worker humble bee, however, begins to fly and to bring back honey and pollen by the time she is two days old! The former collects either nectar or pollen, but not both, on any one journey, and the pollen is usually uniform, i.e., from one species of flower, but the humble-bee brings back both nectar and pollen, and the latter is of many kinds, so that the burden of her thighs is streaked with white, lemon, yellow, orange and bright red pollen grains.

If the first three or four batches of eggs hatch out into healthy and vigorous workers, the queen, who, after four or five weeks' incessant toil, is somewhat the worse for wear and obviously tired out, relinquishes her outdoor labours and confines herself to laying eggs and tending the larvæ

at home. Should, however, the young brood prove weak, either in numbers or in physique, she sacrifices herself to the public welfare and continues to gather food. A curious relation exists between the amount of food supplied and the size of the recipient. The early broods, when the queen alone, or the queen and a few workers, forms the commissariat department, are smaller than the later broods, who have scores of workers to minister to them. Again, a few of the larvæ are necessarily pushed a little to the side as the crowded waxen cells increase in bulk, and they may even have to form a horizontal cocoon instead of a vertical one. Such larvæ fare ill as to nourishment and develop into dwarf bees, usually with defective wings. They may be no bigger than a house fly. Should, by some accident, a larva leave its waxen home prematurely, it is at once removed from the nest and perishes.

When fully established the workers cease to make use of the queen's honey-pot, which falls into decay, but they store their honey in the cocoons they have vacated, strengthening the rims with wax. But in some species the workers construct special honey-pots of their own, smaller than the original one, but at times quite numerous—twenty or more. The latter contain a thin and watery syrup which is daily consumed, but in the cocoons a thicker honey is stored against a period of want, or as a provision for the young queens. As we have seen, the first pollen collected by the queen is placed within reach of the hungry larvæ, but there is no special receptacle for it. Later special receptacles are made for its storage, and these differ in different species. *B. lapidarius* hoards pollen in cocoons, *B. terrestris* and

*B. lucorum* in a few specially constructed waxen cells, while the "carder-bees" stock their exiguous store in little pockets on the side of the waxen homes of the larvæ. In no case are honey and pollen mixed in the same receptacle, and, as with the honey-bee, the humble-bee trusts its pollen-cells nearer to the brood than the honey cells.

The comb, irregular and rough compared with the frigid rigidity of the honey-comb, consists of a basal layer of vacated cocoons, now used as store cupboards. On these rest the irregular wax cells containing larvæ, intermingled with cocoons containing pupæ, and traversed with lanes for the bees to move along "on their several occasions." On the cocoons, again, a cluster of small wax cells shelters the recently laid eggs. All is dark within; not only is the interior of the nest like night, but the entire brood is concealed under waxen canopies or papery cocoon cases. In large colonies of *B. lapidarius* the whole comb may be covered by a waxen dome, but always room is left for the bees to circulate, and in this they must be guided by a sense of touch or smell, for all is black within the nest. Their sense of scent is indeed acute; they recognise the smell of their own and other species, and also other animals they may come across. Human breath excites their active antagonism, they distinguish plants much more by scent than by sight and they almost equal the honey-bee in discovering nectar or honey. Owing to the greater length of their "tongue," *Bombus* can probe and fertilise flowers which are beyond the reach of *Apis*; such are honeysuckle, the horehound and red clover, whose introduction into New Zealand proved a failure until the humble-bee was brought in to fertilise it. Unfortunately, one of the two species introduced from the Old Country, *B. terrestris*, has the habit of biting holes near the base of the snapdragon, the foxglove and the broad-bean flower, to get more readily at the nectaries, and the colonists are apt to wish that another species had been selected for importation.

While the humble-bee hive is "in being" for but three short summer months, the inmates are excessively busy, working themselves, in fact, to death. They begin their foraging expeditions earlier in the morning than does the honey-bee, and they continue them until dusk. Even when retired for the night they do not rest, but spend the silent hours some in building, some in tending the young and others in brooding over the cocoons. After laying two hundred to four hundred eggs and helping to bring up the issuing larvæ, the queen, as the season is closing in, begins to lay special eggs destined to turn into males or fertile females (i.e., queens). The male brood resembles that of the workers, and is indistinguishable from it, but the queen cocoons and the queen larvæ are larger and readily recognised. There is little or no evidence that, as with the honey-bee, a special

diet is needed to produce a queen. With the bumble bees royalty seems to be inherent in the egg. At times and in some species a certain jealousy is shown on the part of the workers, who try to destroy the male and the queen eggs, but the ovipositing queen is on the outlook, and although the attacks are often repeated, she usually succeeds in beating off the attackers.

Unlike the swaggering drones of the beehive, the male humble bees leave the hive as soon as they can fly and fend for themselves. Henceforth they are no trouble to their sisters and no charge on the resources of the community. Both males and queens are produced in some numbers, certainly several scores. The latter take longer to attain maturity, and when they can fly they, too, leave the nest, though occasionally they return once or twice laden with pollen. Once mated, they leave for good and seek out winter quarters and so the cycle is completed.

"Εν τε τροχῇ πάντες καὶ ἐνὶ πᾶσι τροχοί."

The old queen is now ageing fast, her fertility is falling off and hardly sufficient eggs are laid to keep the workers busy. At this time some of the latter may take to laying eggs and, as is the case with *Apis*, such eggs always produce males. The aged monarch is now fast becoming bald, the hairs drop off, especially from the abdomen and the middle of the thorax. At the time of the emergence of the young queens the store of honey food is at its maximum—as many as four hundred cocoons containing thickened honey have been found in one nest, for it is on the young queens that the future of the race depends. Once they are started in life the workers become listless, flowers grow scarce, often what is left of the store food is soon consumed, one by one the bees disappear, the old queen grows torpid and drops asleep, and soon from this sleep there is no awakening.

At the beginning of this article we pointed out the attractions which the humble-bee possesses, in our opinion, over its allies, the honey bee and the wasp. It is altogether a more human and a much less exasperating insect. It has none of the cold, glittering efficiency of the wasp, you feel that you might appeal to the better feelings of *Bombus*, but that it were useless to do so to *Vespa*. The queen, again, has something of the mother in her. She is not reduced to an egg-producing apparatus, which lays eggs with the regularity and inevitableness of a recurring decimal. The queen humble-bee broods over her young, tends them and feeds them. The workers work as hard as any *Apis*, but they seem less self-conscious about it and the drones have the grace to provide during their brief life for themselves. It is true that the nest is more untidy, more littered than the hive; the domestic economy is Irish, not Dutch, but after all, what would life be without litter?

## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

### ARE SALMON COLOUR-BLIND?

THE charge has been levelled against fly-fishermen that they are, equally with women, to blame for the destruction of rare and beautiful birds. Thousands of salmon flies are manufactured every year, but a great many of the feathers of which they are made are moulted in zoological gardens or elsewhere, while very many more are taken from game-birds or poultry, or from golden pheasants bred for the purpose, so we cannot believe that anglers are greatly culpable. Apart, however, from the justice or otherwise of this charge, the old question has again arisen of whether a salmon is capable of distinguishing between flies of different colours, and a number of letters, written by well known sportsmen, have appeared in the *Times*. One of the correspondents mentions the experiments of Professor von Hess of Munich, "who has proved conclusively that fish are totally colour-blind." We have the disadvantage of not being acquainted with those experiments, but, at the same time, we take leave to doubt their "conclusive proof." When one considers the fact that a man may go through a great part of his life without discovering that he is colour-blind, and that it is only by means of a series of questions and answers assisted by colour tests, such as matching different coloured wools (no external physical examination can determine it), that this defect can be demonstrated in man, one wonders how any experiments can prove the colour-blindness of fishes. Every fisherman, too, must have had the experience of the Duke of Rutland, who recalls the times when he has killed a fish by changing the pattern of his fly after failing to get a rise. This is a question about which we should like more information before we can credit salmon with colour-blindness. W.

### CROWNED CRANES.

The photograph of a crowned crane appears to be that of the East African form, which has been named *Balearica gibbericeps* by Dr. Reichenow. Like its South African relative, the Kaffir crane

*B. chrysopelargus*, it has the neck pale ashy grey and the bare white skin on the sides of the face bordered above with a line of vermillion; but this naked area is produced in a small triangle on the sides of the occiput and nearly meets with its fellow on the velvety black crown. This character is clearly shown in the photograph, as is also the pale grey colour of the neck. The crowned cranes are confined to the African continent, and all are easily recognised by the spreading tuft of yellow and white bristles which surmounts the occiput. The sexes are alike. Like their allies the true cranes, these birds have a peculiar habit of dancing and going through various graceful antics, which may be witnessed any day at the Zoological Gardens.

*Balearica gibbericeps*, the species shown in the accompanying photograph, has recently been chosen by the Colonial Office as an emblem for the Uganda flag. Crowned cranes nest on swampy ground, building a structure composed of rushes and rank grass, and lay two eggs of a bluish white colour when first laid, though they soon become stained with brownish. These birds, besides feeding on herbs and grain, consume large quantities of grubs and insects, and would make nice pets for a garden, as, unlike most of the true cranes, they seldom, if ever, dig up the ground in search of bulbs. O. G.

### NOTES AND QUERIES.

#### A RED TAILED ROBIN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may interest you to hear that we have here in these gardens a robin which has no red breast as robins usually have, but instead it has a beautiful red tail. We first saw it last week, but did not pay much attention to it, thinking it was a redstart, but happening to see it again on Monday last I took special notice of it from a distance of twelve feet, and saw that it was really a robin. It looks very pretty in flight, especially from a back view, and it is very shy, for when it observes one watching it, it immediately takes flight. I have not heard it give any song or note such as robins usually



give, viz., tick-tick. Its breast is bluish-grey, and back the usual colour, yellowish olive brown. Not being a photographer I cannot send a photograph of it to you. I send you the account of it because I think it is uncommon, but perhaps some of your correspondents have heard of, or seen, similar birds. I might add that I am familiar with all British wild birds and have made no mistake in its identification.—CHARLES CURTIS.

[We have never seen or heard of a robin with a red tail, and it is unusual for a robin to be so shy in the winter as our correspondent describes this bird to be. It seems probable that the bird is either a female redstart which has been induced to stay here by the mild weather, or it may be a female black redstart, a species which frequently visits this country, especially the West of England, in the winter months.—Ed.]

#### DO BIRDS KNOW THEIR OWN EGGS?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Some light may be thrown on this question by the behaviour of a chaffinch that was kept under observation by a friend who has an orchard in the Valley of the Clyde. In the nest of a willow warbler, which was built, as usual, on the ground, an egg of the cuckoo had been deposited. On the nest being visited one morning it was found thoroughly soaked with water owing to an unusually heavy fall of rain that had taken place overnight. As the bird had evidently forsaken the nest, the cuckoo egg was transferred

to a nest of the chaffinch until such time as a suitable nest of a soft-billed bird could be found in the orchard. In order to allay suspicion on the part of the birds one of their own eggs was removed at the same time. At last a nest of the hedge-sparrow was discovered in a safe retreat, but when my friend went to fetch the precious egg it had gone, while the other three were left. The ground was carefully examined for a considerable distance round the low tree in which the nest was built, but no trace of the egg could be found. At first it was feared that some boys had removed the egg, which they would observe differed in size and colour from the others. As this was merely conjecture, my friend hit on a plan to ascertain whether the chaffinches themselves were not to blame. From the nest of a robin, which had also been flooded and deserted, he took an egg and placed it in the nest of the sitting bird. On the following morning it also had disappeared. He was now almost certain that these removals were effected by one or other of the chaffinches. Again another egg of the robin, this time coloured to resemble that of the cuckoo, was inserted. On this occasion he retired to a distance, where, provided with a field-glass, he had a good view of the nest, on which he kept his eye during the absence of the female. The latter had not been long gone when the male appeared, and soon after took her place. Unlike his mate, that sat close, he fidgeted about a good part of the time, but never quite left the nest till she returned, when he at once flew away to a considerable distance. Before the female had time to approach the nest my friend hurried forward to find his worst suspicions confirmed. In the absence of the female the male bird had, without a doubt, removed the strange egg. Besides, it must have been carried to a distance, as, after the most careful search, no trace of it could be found in or about the nest or within twenty yards of the tree. The only conclusion to be arrived at is that while the female observed no difference in the eggs, it was otherwise with the male. In his leisurely and more critical way he could detect the difference. He did more; he showed a decided objection to the presence of eggs not conforming in size and pattern to those deposited by his consort, and effectually contrived to make away with them one after another by means known only to himself.—CHARLES REID.

#### THE COLOUR OF CYGNETS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Your interesting correspondence on the colour changes of stoats has drawn the attention of Nature-lovers to the mystery of colour changes. A French friend of mine, an eminent *savant*, has asked me if I could gather for him any information as to the reason why, here and there, a cygnet, not an albino, is born white.—EMILY SARGENT.

#### THE REY DEL MONTE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I think "F. J. L." will be interested to hear that I have a pigmy owl which I believe is identical with the Rey del Monte. I bought him in London in May, 1910, and he has lived in a small aviary in the garden ever since. I have tried very hard to get a mate for him, but the only hen which came over was sold shortly before my bird was imported and died soon after. The long tail which "F. J. L." speaks of is a very conspicuous feature, and whenever the bird is interested or excited he wags it from side to side in most un-owl-like fashion. He keeps himself in apple-pie order and is very fond of his bath. All his movements are very quick, and he is diurnal. During the summer he calls all night, a metallic clink like a tiny hammer on metal seven or eight times repeated, then a short pause and *da capo*; this, I suppose, is his breeding call, and it "carries" a surprisingly long way. His only other note is a faint squeaky chirp, uttered when he expects food or is interested. His chief characteristics are intense curiosity and activity, and he is perfectly fearless though not tame.—E. F. CHAWNER, Lyndhurst, Hants.



E. J. Jacob.

THE EAST AFRICAN CROWNED CRANE.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

[Correspondents who do not find their letters under this heading should turn to "Answers to Correspondents," page 4\*.]

**"WILD GARDENING IN ROCKY AND WASTE SITES."**

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I quite agree with all Miss Jekyll says about such rocky piles as Edinburgh and Stirling Castles, and strongly recommend sticking to native plants.—E. G. LODER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Miss Jekyll's proposal is so interesting and proper a one that I do not feel that it leaves very much for anyone else to say!—except to make the obvious point that, if such experiments are to be made broadcast, the life of the botanist will become quite impossible (perhaps no bad thing) unless the most accurate and stringent records of such introductions are kept.—REGINALD FARRER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Add to Miss Jekyll's suggestions the wild clematis, "Travellers' Joy," the wild pink mallow and the wild helianthemum, or "Rock Rose," and there is little more to be said, except to go and do it, for the suggestion is excellent, though, personally, I should leave out the brambles; they look rather rubbishy, and would tempt children to climb up and perhaps to fall.—W. W.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read Miss Jekyll's excellent letters with much interest. I have always advocated the natural planting of banks and crags with such plants as might be indigenous and which would perpetuate themselves without the help of gardeners. Bluebells, white and red valerian, the maiden and Cheddar pinks, the meadow scabious and the devil's bit, stonecrop and ragwort, and some others are admirably suited to the purpose. The great difficulty is to get this sort of planting done so that it looks like Nature's work. Municipal and railway authorities as a rule plant garden shrubs, which are carefully kept clipped into shape and are generally evergreens, and consequently show the effects of smoke and soot. The refuse-heaps from mines require some little care and attention in their early stages to encourage vegetation. Some of the older "tips" have been planted, and have given excellent results. Some banks of refuse from an abandoned silver mine in Auvergne had long been an eyesore to the owner, who had for years persisted in planting the most unsuitable plants and shrubs, which with equal persistency had refused to grow. I had a few patches prepared with better soil and succeeded in establishing plantations of some of the stronger-growing grasses, such as *deschampsia*, *calamagrestis*, *stipa*, *carex*, *triticum* and others, which slowly took possession of the banks upon which nothing had formerly grown. The grasses flowered in due course, and from the opposite bank of the stream the effect was as beautiful as it had formerly been bare and unattractive. Grass will accommodate itself more readily to vitiated soil than any other kind of vegetation. Brushwood will follow, and then the ground will be in a better condition for trees.—E. WILLMOTT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The interesting proposals on the above subject contained in a communication from Miss Jekyll, deserve, I think, serious consideration by the authorities, who would be able to take action in the direction indicated. The idea of beautifying the natural clefts in the rock is an excellent one, and for the lower clefts moderate-sized British plants, like those suggested would be excellent; while fissures on the higher rocks would afford excellent positions for growing some of the rarer of our British shrubs and dwarf trees. I specially have in mind the now almost extinct species of *pyrus* that are found on the island of Arran. Possibly these are cultivated in the Botanic Gardens at Edinburgh, and cuttings could be obtained from there and planted on the Castle rock. The grey foliage of sea buckthorn might also be effective in large patches in such a position. While motoring south from Perthshire during the past summer, we were struck with the complete ruin of much of the country passed through, caused by the vast heaps of *débris* from the mines, and the suggestion to clothe these with flowering plants would I imagine, have the approbation of everyone. To make the idea effective, groups of ornamental trees and shrubs could be planted about, as well as seeds of flowering plants scattered in patches on the other portions. Many plants would revel in the poor soil, rooting deeply down into the loose stones and *débris*, of which these unsightly mounds are composed. Here, again, rare British plants might be propagated; but if this were done, it would be important that public records should be made of the plants thus introduced to a fresh locality. I sincerely hope that the idea may be elaborated and Miss Jekyll's suggestions carried out.—FREDERICK J. HANBURY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—To a certain extent I think Miss Jekyll's recommendation deserves consideration, and I believe that the idea is quite practicable; in fact, some such work has already been done in other places. The difficulty is in getting the plants into position, and about the only way to establish them is by seed. Seeds of *dianthus*, *campanulas*, *chieranthus*, *antirrhinums*, *hieracium* and other things, if rolled up in little balls of mud and let gently roll down the face of the cliff, will often find lodgment in a crevice and grow. I would fear, however, that in large surfaces such as that in Edinburgh Castle, these isolated patches would have very little effect. Trees clinging on the face of the cliff are of far more effect, and they could be got into position in the same manner, provided there are fissures for the roots to gain access to. The latter part of Miss Jekyll's letter appeals to me far more, and I believe much more could be done in that way. Bold masses of rocks are in themselves magnificent and command admiration and respect; the waste heaps are to every eye hideous. Some attempts have been made in Lancashire, near glass works, to cover these heaps, and again Miss Jekyll's idea of working from seed is

sound. The difficulty is to get the seedlings sufficiently established to make headway, and this could only be done by wiring in the mounds when treated. If the surface is occasionally stirred, no matter how roughly, and if a light dressing of chemical manure be given, it is astonishing how Nature asserts herself and plants begin to appear. A slowly soluble manure should be used as well as a more quickly soluble one. A year would show what class of plant is likely to do and what not, and the successful features can then be emphasised. Once established these plants will look after themselves. Insects and small animals are the great enemies which have to be contended against. The late Mr. F. W. Burbidge saved seed from many of his alpine and hardy plants, and carried packages of these with him when he went for a mountain walk or along cliffs, and scattered them in suitable places. There are in and around Dublin at the present moment many survivals of plants which were sown in this manner by him.—F. W. MOORE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The reading of Miss Jekyll's letter in this week's COUNTRY LIFE opens up a vista of much delightful work if well taken in hand, and work of such a character that cannot but have a beneficial effect on the life of all who dwell in large cities and crowded manufacturing areas and have little opportunity of seeing the beauties of their native country-side. Miss Jekyll rightly draws particular attention to the natural rocky sites belonging to some of our Northern cities, and to the opportunity they offer for a few object lessons in the right use of natural wild flowers common to such situations. In addition to the few plants named I would suggest the including of the wild thyme (*T. serpyllum*), particularly in its brightest form; a few varieties of heaths; the dwarf gorse (*Ulex nanus*) and double gorse (*Ulex europæus* fl. pl.). But may I suggest that beautiful as would be the effects of planting these old rocky slopes there is a much wider and easier opportunity of improving the amenities of flat sites by developing appropriately another phase of gardening which has become popular of late, viz., the planting of stream-sides, or low-lying damp ground adjoining streams and pools, and even of vacant building plots—land of little if any economic value, but where hosts of moisture loving plants luxuriate and give profusion of bloom. It occurs to me in connection with this subject that in such sites as these, common in almost every town and district, and belonging often to the local authority, good work might be done of a beautiful and instructive character. Such plants as the golden marsh marigold in spring (*Caltha palustris*), the cuckoo flower (*Cardamine pratensis*) and purple orchis, and followed by the meadowsweet (*Spiraea ulmaria*), purple loosestrife (*Lythrum salicaria*), rosebay or French willow (*Epilobium*), and many other plants, to say nothing of our native aquatic plants, such as the arrow head (*Sagittaria*), pink flowering rush (*Butomus*) and water-lilies. All these and others grouped in a natural manner by the waterside would transform many a dull and dreary waste into a place of much beauty and interest throughout the year. The concluding remark of Miss Jekyll, that a "County Association" might be formed to promote such work, is very helpful, and with so many keen amateur gardeners nowadays, there should be no difficulty in starting such associations, and once well started, it would then be their work to consider in their respective counties what natural sites are available for planting near crowded centres, and bring the matter before the owners or local authorities, who, I feel sure, would welcome such suggestions. The necessary plants could, I have no doubt, be procured from local sources, where they grow wild or from the large estates and properties situated within the county or area. Many feel that to keep the planting in harmony with such sites it is essential that only native plants should be employed. While I sympathise with the idea, my own feeling is that so long as the planting is kept appropriate, the use of exotics would do much to improve the taste in gardening as well as offer a wider range of beautiful subjects. There are many plants now finding a place in our wild florae, and maintaining themselves and spreading naturally, which owe that place to the agency of man in first planting them in his gardens, and I see no reason why their number should not be increased so long as they are beautiful. Who would banish the valerian wallflower or evening primrose from old sites, or the yellow musk from waterside, because they are not truly native plants? The lupine, Michaelmas daisy, goat's-beard and many other subjects naturalise equally well or even better. In this way would be created throughout the country many natural gardens in which our native and other hardy flowers were preserved, and, at the same time, the public would have ample opportunity of enjoying them and the town children of seeing first-hand some of our wild flowers and garden plants. In this connection we must not overlook the splendid work that has been done by local authorities all through the land in creating public parks and pleasure grounds, but the knowledge and taste of public authorities are often open to question, and their efforts might well be supplemented by organised bodies of keen amateurs in some such way as suggested in the above remarks.—R. W. WALLACE.

**RINGING BIRDS AT THE FARNE ISLANDS.**

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This summer, during several visits to the Farn Islands, Northumberland, I "ringed" a number of the nestlings of cormorants, lesser black-backed gulls, Sandwich terns and puffins for the *British Birds* Marking Scheme. Readers of COUNTRY LIFE are most probably acquainted with this admirable project for trying to solve the obscure problems of bird migration, and will perhaps be interested to hear of a few of the recoveries of birds marked last season on the Farn Islands. Of the eighty nestling cormorants "ringed" no fewer than sixteen have already been recovered—two from Fifeshire, others from Wales, Cornwall, Isle of Wight, Brittany and Ferrol, Spain. Such a large percentage of recoveries is unusual, but in this case it is perhaps due to the fact that cormorants are much disliked by fishermen, and are consequently greatly persecuted by the gunner. The most interesting records of



the lesser black-backed gull are of four recovered in Portugal, near Oporto, and one off the south-west coast of Morocco; only one Sandwich tern has, as yet, been reported, and this is from Quiberon, France. I think the above results are interesting as showing in what different directions the birds bred on the same islands seem to go in the winter. So far none of the two hundred puffins "ringed" has been heard of, but even if none is recovered, it will be extremely interesting to see whether any return next spring to their old home. In the case of the puffin, who conveniently nests in burrows, one can ascertain what birds have rings on them, simply by catching them on the nest. Many very interesting and useful results have been obtained since Messrs. Witherby started the *British Birds Marking Scheme*, and as publicity is the chief factor in the success of such a scheme, I venture to hope you will think this letter of sufficient interest to publish in *COUNTRY LIFE*.—AUDREY PEASE.

#### TWELVE OUTDOOR BOOKS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your list of twelve outdoor books seems as representative as any (within such hard limits of number and subject) can hope to be. But surely any reading society could be tempted to make room for such additional books as "Lorna Doone," Borrow's "Lavengro," Maeterlinck's "Life of the Bee" and Michael Fairless's "Roadmender," which are all instinct with the "passion of the soul" for Nature.—V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

#### A BRETON GATE IN ALBERTA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was very much interested to see the photograph of a Breton gate in a recent issue of *COUNTRY LIFE*. I have built several gates on my farm of precisely the same design, except that I use barbed wire instead of boards for the filling, and that the top beam is an untrimmed poplar. I got the idea from some gates built by half-breeds for a ranching neighbour of mine. It is possible that the idea passed from Brittany through Quebec to the "breeds," who are nearly all of French descent. The great objection to the gate is that a pig can push its way underneath, and often bends the pivot on the gatepost.—GALFRID K. CONGREVE, Vermilion, Alberta, Canada.

#### A HAPPY FAMILY IN MEXICO.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have just got from a friend of mine, Mr. Juventino Ocampo, who is working with a mining company in Pachuca, Mexico, the enclosed



THREE PEACEFUL MEXICANS.

photograph, and I thought I would send same to you at once. Surely your readers will like to see a dog, a cat and a hare living together, when civil war has been raging for more than three years in their country.—C. J. WILLIAMS, Los Angeles.

#### SHOW JUMPERS ACROSS A COUNTRY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am out in search of information on the subject of show jumpers. I have often heard it said, if you teach a horse to jump show-ring obstacles in show-ring style, that he is done for as a hunter. It is said that it makes them slow, "sticky" at their fences, which they learn to chance once they find that they can knock down show-ring obstacles, and are never safe to hunt again. Now, incidentally, I bought, at the commencement of this season, a mare out of a jumping class (she was second), of pedigree unknown and not to be enquired too closely into! (I suspect a hackney ancestor.) Now, granted this mare is slow and is sticky, she has never yet chanced timber or a wall; in fact, so far she has carried me to date without a fall (bar one) in a provincial hunt. But to come to the point of my letter. Recently, at the Cavalry School Point-to-Point at Penton, I saw Mr. Geoffrey Brook's (16th Lancers) well-known show jumper, Alice, run a dead-heat with Captain Tomkinson's Langford. Now, a point-to-point over a flying country is a very different thing from a show-ring performance, and rather upsets the theory I have so often heard stated by my hunting friends. Query: Is this the exception which proves the rule?—L. E.

#### THE BREAST PLOUGH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In a recent number of *COUNTRY LIFE*, in a review of "The Spirit of the Old Folk," there was a reference to the "breast plough." I enclose a photograph of one, showing the method of using it. I believe it had long ceased to be used at the time the photograph was taken, some ten years or more ago. The pieces of wood on the thighs were suspended from a strap round the waist and each tied round the leg above the knee. The photograph was taken at Offenham, near Evesham. If you think it of sufficient

interest to your readers, I shall be pleased if you care to reproduce it.—HAROLD BAKER.

#### A CURIOUS GROWTH.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I am enclosing a photograph of a curious growth on a common spruce tree. The tree was about forty years old, and was cut down a short time ago and this growth formed at the top. It forms a very dense mass, and in circumference measures exactly seven feet, while the weight of the pole and growth as seen in the flower-pot comes to nearly three-quarters of a hundred weight. The natural spruce may be observed at the top and in the right-hand corner.

Of course, the pole was only inserted in the pot for the purpose of photography. Are these growths of common occurrence, and can any reason be assigned for them?—A. WALSH.

[The peculiar growth of spruce (*Picea excelsa*), shown in the accompanying photograph, is one of the numerous forms of witches' brooms, which occur on many kinds of trees. The most familiar example of witches' broom is that which appears on the common birch, somewhat resembling a crow's nest in outline. Modifications of such growth are found, however, on most kinds of trees, sometimes fairly commonly, as in hornbeam and cherry; at other times at infrequent intervals, as in spruce and pine. They vary a good deal in habit, some forming untidy clusters of long, slender branches, as in the laburnum and lime, and others growing into globular or cushion-like compact masses such as the one here indicated. All are considered to originate through irritation set up in the first place in one or more dormant buds;

but by the time the growths are noticeable the source of the original injury cannot always be determined, a peculiarity of such growths being that once the abnormal condition has started it goes on indefinitely, although the original source of bud injury may have disappeared. It is well known that the cause of some such growths is due to fungus agency, and others to insect punctures. Thus the large witches' brooms on birch are known to be caused by the fungus *Exoascus turgidus*, whereas the small, and much more harmful, knotty growths on birch branches are due to irritation set up by a tiny insect, *Eriophyes rudis*. As a rule, large growths, such as the one shown in the photograph, do little or no harm to the trees on which they may chance to exist, but the small birch growth previously noticed often kills those on which it occurs.—ED.]



THE BREAST PLOUGH.



A SPRUCE "WITCHES' BROOM."

## A MID-DAY HALT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send you a photograph taken by me at Fû-San. It illustrates a gang of workmen halting for midday meal. In the centre of the picture is



A KOREAN HEAD-DRESS.

"London stable" manure is really unprocurable or to be got only at a prohibitive price. I am told the market gardeners near London who cultivate on a large scale use compressed sewage successfully. It is said to be rich in ammonia. The farm I have in view wants nitrogen. What is the chemical composition of compressed sewage? How does it compare in nutritive value with the best farmyard manure? What quantity or weight per acre ought to be supplied? For what crop would it be of most use? I shall be greatly obliged for an early answer.—AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

[The composition of compressed sewage varies considerably according to the source and the method of treating it. It is obtained by treating the raw sewage with some chemical precipitant so as to remove the insoluble matter and give a clear effluent, which can be further dealt with on sewage farms or by bacterial methods. The precipitants commonly used are lime and sulphates of iron and alumina, either separately or mixed together. They make a somewhat jelly-like precipitate which carries down with it the suspended matter and clears the liquid portions just as white of egg clears a jelly for the cook. The precipitate or sludge is then pressed in a filter to remove the surplus water, and the pressed cakes are either sold still wet or dried and sold in that form. Unfortunately, this treatment leaves most of the soluble nitrogenous bodies and the salts of ammonia together with the potash in the clear solution which remains, and a great part of the value of the crude sewage is lost. It contains, however, a variable amount of nitrogenous matter which is with difficulty brought into an active state, the percentage of nitrogen present varying from one-half per cent. in the poorer forms of moist compressed sewage to nearly 2½ per cent. in the dried forms; a variable amount of insoluble phosphates is also present (about 2½ per cent. in the dried cakes and down to as little as three-quarters per cent. in the moist samples sold); and the quantity of potash present is a negligible one. On the other hand, the organic matter present, and the lime when that has been used as a precipitant, will be of value in many cases in improving the texture of the soils and in aiding them to retain water. The best of these compressed sewage sludges thus have a manurial value, so far as phosphates and nitrogen go, about equal to that of the poorest samples of greaves, and records of carefully carried out field experiments go to show that the manurial action of compressed sewage is very small when compared with that of equivalent quantities of chemical fertilisers, and large dressings are required. In purchasing them, therefore, a lower value must be attached to the unit of nitrogen than of sulphate of ammonia, for instance, though on the other hand allowance must be made for the value of the organic matter as a soil ameliorator, and for the lime where that is needed. The

material would probably prove of very little value applied as a top dressing to growing crops. Briefly, it may be said that weight for weight the nitrogenous content of the moist compressed sewage is about equal to that of the best stable manure, but that it is less readily available, while the phosphoric acid is somewhat higher, and the potash, which is present at the rate of about one-half per cent. in stable manure, is absent altogether in this. It may be used for any crop that benefits by the addition of stable manure.—ED.]

## MANURES.

[TO THE EDITOR.]  
SIR,—Can you kindly tell me the value as a dressing for agricultural land of compressed sewage? Farmyard manure cannot in all cases be produced in quantity sufficient for the farm, and

material would probably prove of very little value applied as a top dressing to growing crops. Briefly, it may be said that weight for weight the nitrogenous content of the moist compressed sewage is about equal to that of the best stable manure, but that it is less readily available, while the phosphoric acid is somewhat higher, and the potash, which is present at the rate of about one-half per cent. in stable manure, is absent altogether in this. It may be used for any crop that benefits by the addition of stable manure.—ED.]

## A CHARCOAL-BURNER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph may interest your readers; firstly, because the subject is a woman and not a man, and secondly, because it may not have struck them that charcoal-burning is a very considerable industry in India. In fact, charcoal is the staple fuel in India, coal-mining being still in its infancy. Note the peculiarly shaped basket on the woman's back, how admirably adapted it is for carrying charcoal from the burning-places to market.—F. M.



INDIAN CHARCOAL BURNING.

## A PLEA FOR THE WOOD-PIGEON.

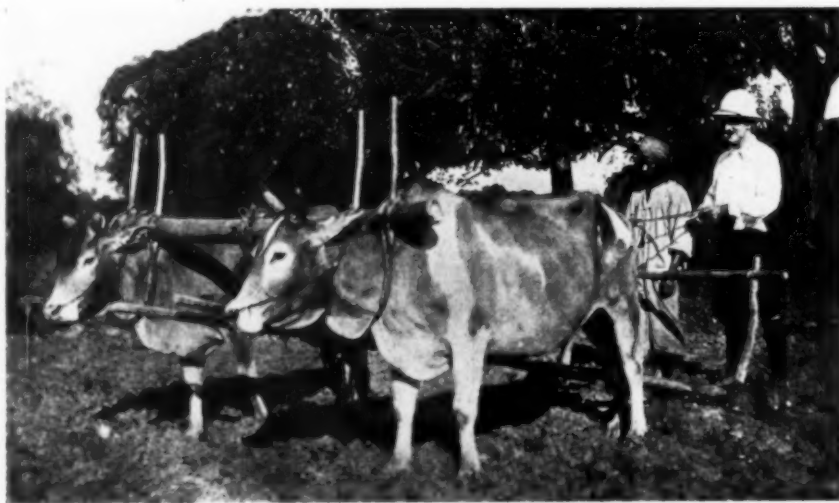
[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The late Mr. Tegetmeier, who, I believe, was a great authority on the food of birds, sent to the papers a letter which is too long to quote *in extenso*, but the gist of it was that the evidence is very unduly strained against the wood-pigeon, and that he is not the unmitigated scoundrel he is made out to be, and the crops of those he examined mostly contained an enormous number of seeds of noxious weeds. In any case, the wood-pigeon is a very shy bird, and it is easy, with a little trouble in putting up scarecrows, for a farmer to keep them off any field if he thinks they are doing damage there. I would also suggest to landowners who are fond of sport that they would get far better shooting by waiting for wood-pigeons, if they are coming to a field in numbers, than they will by shooting any quantity of hand-reared pheasants.—WOOD-PIGEON.

## PLOUGHING IN BURMA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am enclosing a photograph taken in Rangoon, Burma, which I



PLOUGHING WITH ZEBUS.

think will be of interest to your readers. It illustrates two zebus used to draw the plough and similar agricultural implements. These zebus are of the same breed which includes the Sacred Bull of the Hindus, and distinguished from the ordinary bull by the fatty hump on the shoulders, shown in the photograph. The method used for guiding these animals is by means of cords passed right through the nostrils, and held in position by another cord passed round the neck. The upright forks of the yoke serve as a guide for the reins as well as for keeping the animals apart, and also for keeping the rope attached to the yoke in position round the neck.—ALAN B. WALLIS.